Outlaw

STOCKROOM st louis

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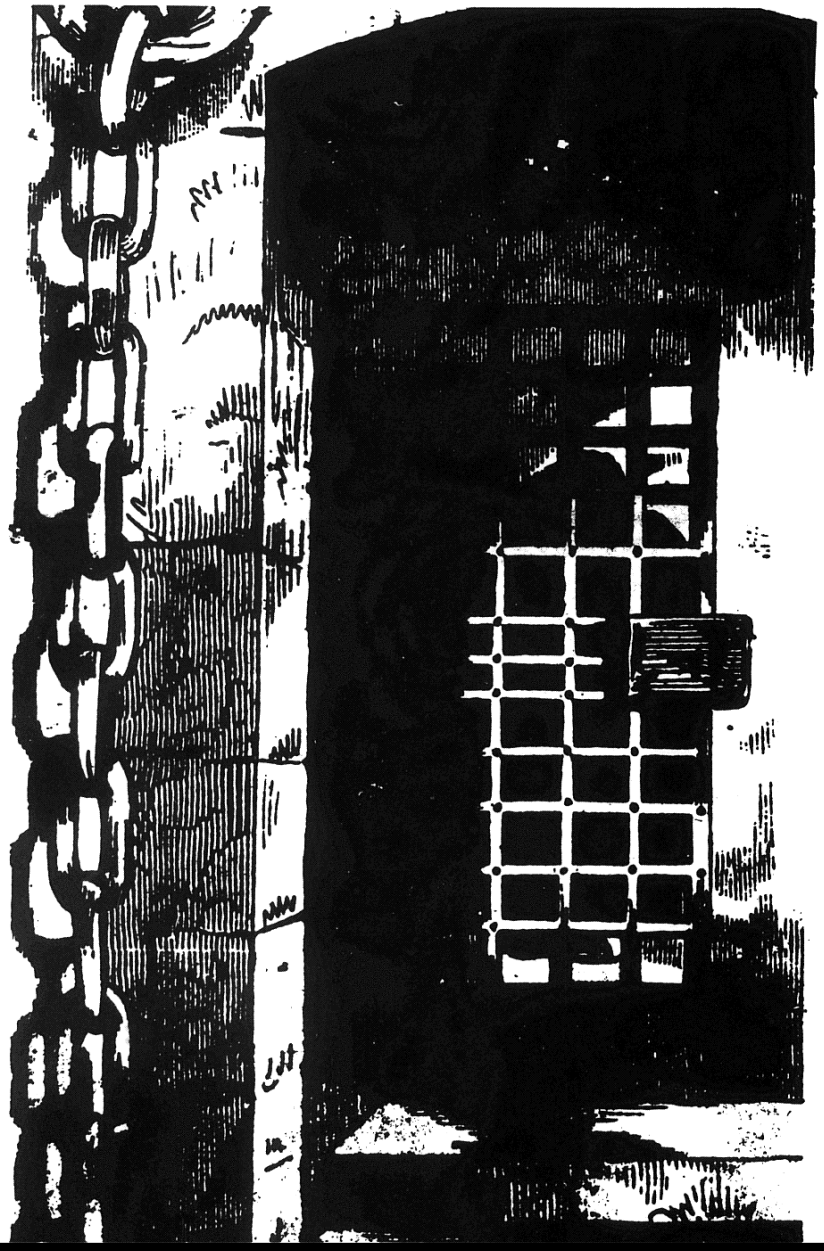


I always view things in process, attempt to see the thing in motion, action, and interaction. It's complex, but beautiful and worthwhile. Worthy of our all. But we have no choice, history played an exceedingly cruel trick on us. It's calling for our best, and we can only try, we must try, or they will kill the thing we love. The world must revolve, change, move; it must not be held back for any man's privilege, or it will die. Revolution is the imperative, permanent renewing.

GEORGE JACKSON

BORN: SEPTEMBER 29, 1941
DIED: AUGUST 21, 1971
SAN QUENTIN PRISON

william kunstler: CONSPIRACY TO FREE KOEN

William Kunstler, well known as the defense lawyer in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, came to St. Louis on August 31 to speak at St. Louis University's Freshman Orientation. He used the occasion to publicize the struggle of the black United Front in Cairo, Illinois, and to offer his support to the head of the Front, Charles Koen.

Kunstler spoke at the St. Louis U. under protest from a group of alumni. In an attempt to prevent his speaking, the group had taken out full page ads in the Post and Globe reading, "Do You Want This Man TO Orient Your Freshman?" The ads featured a picture of Kunstler and were obviously based, as Kunstler pointed out, on that great poster, "Would You Buy A Used Car From This Man?"

In his speech Kunstler gave a history of conspiracy trials, pointing out that the Chicago trial was only the second of three conspiracy trials that the government has conducted recently, the first being the Dr. Spock trial and the last being the Berrigan trial. All these trials, Kunstler noted, are designed by the government to instill fear in people's minds and thus stop people from trying to change their life situation. Kunstler compared the American government's tactic of the conspiracy trials to the Nazi's tactic of burning down the Riechstag in order to blame the fire on the Communists and justify political repression. Kunstler said that the purpose of such tactics is to create an atmosphere in which freedoms can be quietly taken away, as is now being done with no-knock and unlimited wire tapping, and as was done in Germany in the '30's. Kunstler concluded by saying that the analogy between present-day America and Nazi Germany was not complete but that it was useful in providing a great many bases of comparisons and warnings.

Kunstler then joined in a call for a caravan to Homer Phillips Hospital. There he and Bob Williams, head of the St. Louis branch of the United Fromt, visited Koen, whose weight has dropped to 116 pounds since he began a hunger strike over a month ago.

Koen refused to eat between July 19 and September 3, in protest over his six month sentence to the St. Louis workhouse on charges of assaulting a police officer in 1968. At the time of the incident, Koen was head of the St. Louis Black Liberators. The alleged assault on the police officer took place in the St. Louis police station. Police had picked up Koen on the charge that his car had no tail lights. Koen emerged from the scrape with fractured hands, a fractured head and severe bruises. He was hospitalized for some time.

Koen's lawyers lost their appeal of his sentence in the Missouri Supreme Court. He began serving his sentence while they appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court.

While Kunstler and Williams visited Koen, some 500 people gathered around the hospital. Police formed a retaining line until Kunstler and Williams emerged from their visit. They said that "Reverend Koen has no message for the crowd. He's so weak that he can hardly speak." Williams added that in spite of his weakened condition, Koen was still kept chained to his bed. Cockroaches could be seen running across Koen's bed, Williams said.

As the demonstration broke up, the United Front called for a follow-up show of support the next day at the Municipal Courts Building. A much smaller crowd did show up the next morning, and requested that Judge Satz, head of the criminal assignment division, arrange for Koen's release. The judge at first refused to hear the group, saying that he was busy with other legal matters. He ordered two persons to leave the courtroom. One was barefooted and the other was carrying a camera. Later, Satz agreed to hear the group's appeal in his chambers.

Two days later, on September 2, the Human Relations Council in St. Louis voted in a split vote to ask Missouri Governor Warren Hearnes to intervene for Koen's release. A spokesman for the Council pointed out that Koen's condition at Homer Phillips Hospital continued to deteriorate. He reportedly had suffered some loss of sight and hearing. The Council's spokesman also pointed out that Koen more than served his six month sentence with human suffering that cannot be measured in days.

Finally, on Sept. 3, Koen's release from his workhouse sentence was granted by Judge McMullan. Koen's condition is still "precarious", in the words of a Homer Phillips doctor. Some of the effects of his fast, such as his loss of hearing, may not be reversible.

Kunstler's visit, and the publicity it has focused on Koen, should not be seen as a here today—gone tommorrow splash of publicity. Kunstler has visited Koen before, most recently in a much less publicized visit several weeks ago. But perhaps more important, his visit and Koen's fast both involve more than the protesting of Koen's workhouse sentence. It is for his people in Cairo that Koen has fasted, and their struggle hasonly begun with the release of Charles Koen.

— Associated Third World Press Service

— Associated Third World Press Service

For background information on the situation in Cairo, see recent Outlaws: Vol 1, no. 10; Vol. 1, no. 12; Vol. 2, no. 5.

To help the United Front of Cairo, call their St. Louis Office: 361-2142.

Every Saturday the United Front holds a rally at Sheldon Memorial, 3648 Washington, from 3–5 pm. Recent speakers have included Dick Gregory and Jesse Jackson.

KIEL RIOT

Saturday, August 28th, the authorities at Kiel Auditorium decided to close the barn to rock concerts effective after the Lee Michaels' concert on the 29th. A couple months earlier they stopped rock groups at the Opera House for basically the same reason. The reason seems to be that the people who patronize rock concerts are more into violence and confrontation than the music they are paying to hear. For this same reason promoters had to put up an insurance bond for damages before groups could be brought in.

This is what went down at the Ten Years After concert on the 28th (as seen from the balcony and pieced together by various kids who were lucky or unlucky enough to be up front).

First we all suffered through the J. Giles set for an hour and a half or so, getting stoned and anticipating the music of Alvin Lee. At the break my friend and I made three abortive trips down the ramps to the main floor (which was only half filled) to get a closer look at the group and hopefully better sound than our $4.00 tickets could buy us. After being turned down by about 8 pig ushers who stood in front of iron gates, we resigned ourselves to watch the scene from the balcony

Finally Ten years After come on stage and began their set. Before they even finished their third song ushers were up on stage surrounding Alvin Lee. There seemed to be little or no signs of people rushing the stage at that point. Somewhere during "No Title" the bass amp went out and Alvin Lee was getting a bit pissed at the ushers surrounding him and the general disorder of the place. Through the next hour the people seemed to be enjoying the concert except for some up front. Some kids were standing and blocking other people's views and gradually everyone in front was getting more and more uptight. Alvin Lee is ripping thru everyone with "I'm Goin' Home" when a couple women managed to break thru the ushers and kiss Alvin Lee. They were immediately thrown off stage into the crowd.

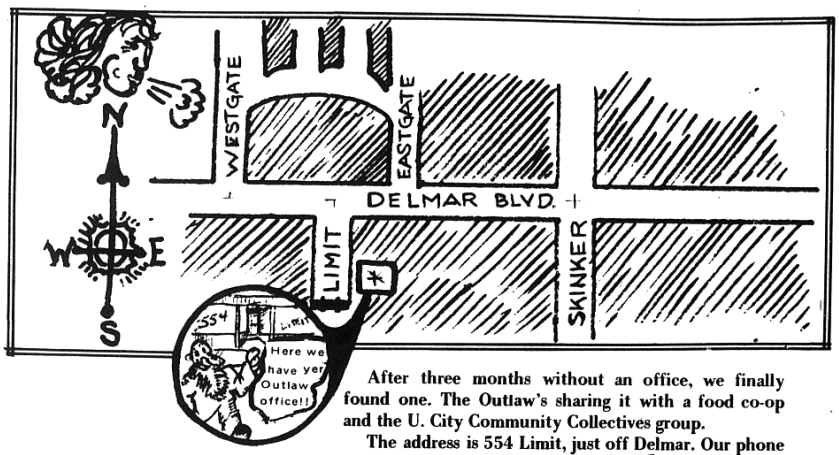
The ushers were beginning to surround the stage and the people were rushing as close as they could to get to the group. Alvin was still playing and his roadies were starting to get the equipment they had set up in the band put below the stage. There was a fight between an usher and one of the roadies and this is where Alvin Lee split, in the middle of "I'm Goin' Home". The kids in the orchestra pit thrust a 12 foot long table up on stage that was getting in everyone's way in the pit. To my knowledge not one usher or pig was hit by the table. But it seemed that the ushers were getting off on their power up stage and four of them picked up the table over their heads and threw it into the crowd of kids in the pit. A lot of people were hurt, a woman got her head cut and there were at least 30 ushers and various Keil officials on stage and the city pigs were pouring in. From the balcony you could count at least five different fights happening all over the stage – no one could get it together. In the middle of this, rock promotor Tom Darr was busted on stage "for interfering with a police officer" – he was trying to help stop the fights. More and more people were getting hit by bottles, shoes, and anything else that could be thrown. People were still rushing the stages, but they also realized the concert was over.

An official for Keil started to say something into the loud speaker – but to no avail, for the people shouted him down and started to split. The general mood was "Screw you all". As 500 people left the floor they knocked down all the folding chairs to impress upon Kiel their furious discontent. But this seemed to mainly impress the St. Louis pigs – who waited until most of the people cleared the floor and all the chairs had been knocked down to start cracking skulls. Anyone who was unfortunate enough to be among the last few out was game for any pig with his billy club. It didn't matter if these people were damaging something or not – they were obviously being beat so the pigs could get it off for the night. (I wonder why the straight press and news overlooked this sweet ending in their reviews?)

As everyone tore out of the barn they ripped off and ripped up anything that it was possible to ruin. Windows and lights were being trashed all over and we were all met by numerous fire engines and pigs surrounding Kiel. If you wanted to stick around you knew you would only get hassled by the pigs. At the stage door things were impossible and the pigs were letting no one in who had left already – not even the sound crew men; until they busted a few more people and calmed down a bit.

So that's the gist of the Ten Years After concert and the reason Kiel is closing its barn to the young people in St. Louis. And so the people here slowly choke to death their major source of live rock entertainment. I can't see any logical explanation on anyone's part – freaks or pigs, for what happened at the concert. But I know that everytime people are hurt, windows are broken, and pigs are called into concerts people get more and more reluctant to put on a show. We need places for groups to play and people to bring the groups here, but it's all going to stop if we can't keep our shit together. The concerts are about the only thing in St. Louis that we have for entertainment; they are (or used to be) the only place young people could go to really be together. So why is it all falling apart? Why is it that we have to fight amongst each other at a place where we should be dancing? We have to learn to be free and easy at these scenes. If your brother or sister decides to stand in front of you and dance, don't knock them down with a bottle, get up and dance with them. If a group won't give an encore, maybe the group was really tired; and if they gave a good performance why not let 'em split St. Louis with a good head instead of being pissed 'cause they wouldn't come back on. It gets awfully crowded at these concerts, so we've got to help each other out when they happen so that everyone has a good time.

OUTLAW OFFICE



After three months without an office, we finally found one. The Outlaw's sharing it with a food co-op and the U. City Community Collectives group.

The address is 554 Limit, just off Delmar. Our phone should be installed by the time this issue comes out. Same number: 721-3170.

kunstler on radical lawyers

In the summer of 1970, when William Kunstler was in St. Louis for the American Bar Association Convention, he attacked the legal system for its support of the staus quo and lawyers for their singular pursuit of proestige and money. He advised young lawyers and law students who were troubled by the injustices and inequities of American society to give up law and go into the streets, to become full-time activists. What he was saying was that nothing could be gained by being a lawyer, because the system was to resistant to change. Hadn't the Chicago Conspiracy trial and the many "legal" repressions of the Panthers proved the inflexibility of the law?

So when I went to Washington University to hear Kunstler address WU law students on August 31, I expected to hear more advice to quit law. A black law student introduced Kunstler emotionally. The two of them had just visited Charles Koen, leader of the Cairo United Front, who is near death in the hospital as a result of his hunger strike. The law student was obviously choked up, and he said that the sight of the emaciated Koen had convinced him that law school wasn't the place for him; that he belonged in the struggle with his brothers and sisters.

Last year, Kunstler would have said, "Right on, brother!" this year, he still said, "Right on, brother," but he added "Don't quit law. Be a lawyer who serves the movement, who serves the people." Kunstler stressed The need to provide "collective self-defense" for those who are singled out for prosecution, because they are being prosecuted not just as individuals but as representatives of a movement that threatens the status quo. Lawyers., according to Kunstler, can play a vital role in "collective self-defense" sometimes by transcending those rules (as Kunstler himself did in the Chicago trial.)

What Kunstler would like law students to do is to give up the traditional goals of prestige and money to support progressive social movements for little or no fee. He hopes that young lawyers will become totally committed to movement law, but he is aware that many will have other commitments and will only be willing or able to spend part time doing work for movement groups.

Kunstler believes that a first step for law students is to challenge the law school curriculum and demand that courses help them to meet people's legal needs when they get out of law school. He emphasized that law school curricula are mostly concerned with property law, teaching students how best to represent corporations and financial institutions in subjects such as taxation, contracts, corporate law, and so forth. Law students ought to be demanding good courses in human rights, constitutional law, consumer defense, etc.; they ought to be demanding work-study programs to enable them to gain experience in courtroom procedure.

Kunstler was adamant that lawyers cannot be revolutionaries, that they can only support revolutionary movements. But Kunstler himself is evidence to the contrary–he has given up a lucrative law practice and put himself on the line for political ideals that he values more highly than the money he could have made and the prestige he could have earned.

Kunstler's example underscores how important it is to have individuals who can contribute skills to the movement. What Kunstler has done is not to drop out and remove himself from the struggle, but to apply his legal training and experience to serve the movement.

JURY FREES CARBONDALE 3

Sept. 1, 6 p.m.:

The ordeal in Murphysboro is over. The Carbondale 3 – Milton Boyd, James Holley, and Leonard Thomas – are acquitted on all charges arising from a massive police attack on their collective (the local center for the National Committee to Combat Fascism, NCCF) in November, 1970.

The jury deliberated for less than 5 hours, and the verdict was met with a jubilant outburst in the courtroom that the judge finally gave up trying to stop. It was the culmination of more than a year of repression against the black revolutionaries and stands as a major victory for them.

Murphysboro is located 6 miles west of Carbondale, Ill.; 100 miles east of St. Louis. About 18 months ago 12 black revolutionaries began to get things together there. They started a food co-op, worked with medical folks to set up a health clinic, started a paper called *Black Unity*; a community information center was set up and a free clothing facility and a free breakfast program began in Attucks school. A political collective – a NCCF chapter – was set up at 401 N. Washington St. and the brothers and sisters set out serving and educating the people.

They stressed the need for black people to arm themselves. Living in the black community, they defended it several times from vigilantes on horseback and cops in wagons. But the police were not about to let these freedom fighters run loose.

Mock raids at 401 were performed by the police – harassment and busts were stepped up. In May of 1970, Reggie Brown was almost killed by a dynamite blast set at his crib on Wall St. And finally, on November 12, 1970, the police set out on a search and destroy mission in the black community that no one would soon forget.

At approximately 4am, a van was stopped by SIU police near Illinois and Frand Aves.. An unidentified black man rose from the van and allegedly fired two shots at the officers. He then split and has never been found by the police. squads of police (state, SIU,county, Carbondale, and vigilantes) headed straight for the house at 401 N. Washington St.. They surrounded the house from all sides and opened fire. Two brothers, Thomas Dotson and Joe Brown, attempted to run for safety and were gunned down from behind. They were handcuffed and left for almost 2 hours before a black policeman drove them to the hospital.

Vera Moore, living next door, hid her 10 children in the bathtub while Carbondale's finest set up an automatic weapon(s) on her front porch. Caught in a crossfire of pig guns, she remained in the house for over an hour until another black policeman led her and her family to safety. Jesse Russell, who lived across the street, was hit by an errant(?) bullet while attempting to go to work.

Over 1000 bullets were pumped into the house at 401. While the shoot-out raged on, the brothers remaining inside on several different occasions tossed out white sheets to surrender. These attempts were greeted by fresh barrages of bullets despite the outcries of over 200 black people in the streets. Finally, representatives of the black communtiy entered the house and arranged for their surrender.

The shoot-out resulted not in indictments of police and vigilante groups but in the levelling of charges against several of the brothers who were living in the house that was attacked. By the time the trial had begun on August, 1971, the 3 brothers who were on trial, Boyd, Holley, and Thomas, each were facing the following charges: 6 counts of attempted murder, 6 counts of aggravated assault, 1 count of criminal damage over $150, and 1 count of mob action.

By Monday, August 16 the jury had been selected--6 men and 6 women, 2 blacks and 10 whites. At least several of the jurors seemed potentially favorable to the defendants, not only because some of them understood the underlying problems of the black communtiy in Carbondale, but also because they identified with that community.

This proved to be a crucial factor in the trial, for a major defense argument was that the attack on the Washington St. house was an attack on the entire black commutnity. The Carbondale authorities were trying to break up the community services that the collective had begun to get together. Moreover, the raid was conducted with no regard for other residents of the area; the stray bullets flying all over the black communtiy, residents understood that the raid was also against them. They understood so well that two who lived next door were defense witnesses in the trial.

The support of people from both the black and white communities was an important factor in the trial, but the main defense argument was that the 3 brothers acted in self-defense. This argument was in direct conflict with the prosecution's case which rested on the testimony of 13 Carbondale cops. The cops tried to convince the jury that the men who fired the shots at officers earlier in the evening were the defendants.

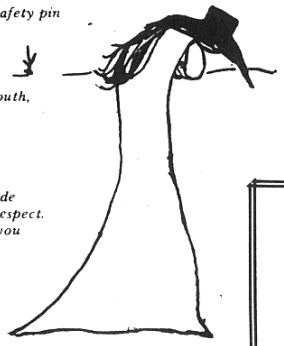
The defense countered the cops' testimony with witnesses from the community, and during the last 2 days of the trial, with the defendants themselves. Observers in Murphysboro felt that the defendants' testimony was impressive and crucial in convincing the jury.

The jury's verdict of not guilty on all 42 counts (14 per defendant) is encouraging. In a small town with a great deal of racial tension (Carbondale is only 55 miles north of Cairo and there has been a lot of support for the Cairo United Front from Carbondale blacks as well as black students at SIU), a jury that was half middle-classed and -aged took the word of the people over the word of the police.

Even tho the trial is over, legal expenses haven't nearly been met. The Carbondale Defense Committee could really use some bread. If you can afford anything, please make it payable to the Carbondale 3 Defense Fund and mail it to People's Law Office, 1215 W. Sycamore, Carbondale, Ill. 62901.

What She Waited for . . .

You called yourself a dishwater blonde
body warm and flat as beer that's been standing.
You always had to stand until your feet were sore
behind the counter with a smile like an outsized safety pin
holding your lips off your buck teeth.
Most nights alone or alone with men
who wiped themselves in you.
Pass the damp rag over the counter again
Tourist cabins and roadhouses of the deaf loudmouth,
ponds where old boots swim and drive-in moons.
You came to see yourself as a salesman's bad joke.
What did you ever receive for free
except a fetus you had to pay to have out?
Troubles cured you salty as a country ham,
smoky to that taste, thick skinned and tender inside
but nobody could take nourishment for lacking respect.
No husband, no baby, no house, nobody to own you
public as an ahstray you served
waiting for the light that came at last
straight into the windshield on the highway.
Two days later the truckers are pleased.
Your replacement is plain but ten years younger.
Women's lives are shaped like cheap coffins.
How long will she wait for change?



Marge Piercy

WORKHOUSE LETS LOOSE

Two prisoner uprisings occurred at St Louis city workhouse on the evening of Aug 25. The incidents were a reaction to the killing of George Jackson at San Quentin Prison and to the hospitalization of Charles Koen, who is on a water fast while serving a 6-month sentence at the workhouse.

About 15 men--all black--barricaded themselves in a dormitory room, armed with broom and mop handles. Twenty-five city police officers were called in while the acting warden, William Wright, talked to the men. Things quieted down about an hour later, after a threat to use tear gas.

Later the same night, inmates in the dormitory let loose again. They broke windows, bent metal chairs, and set fire to mattresses. Some of the men shouted, 'Let us out of here, or we'll burn the place down.'

The police were called in again. The prisoners were told they had five minutes to come out or they'd be tear-gassed. According to Capt. John Beckham of city police, 'When the five minutes were up, they came out and we didn't have to use tear gas.'

Another source, however, told the Outlaw he'd talked with workhouse inmates after the disturbances and was told that the men had been badly beaten by the police. So far there's been no publicity about this in the straight press.

Lt. Grimes of the city police made a statement that Charles Koen was the instigator of the disturbances. Rev. Koen, however, had been moved to the hospital long before there was any sign of trouble at the workhouse.

Springfield, Ill. – The middle-aged, well-dressed woman accepted the pamphlet headlined "THE WAR IS NOT OVER!" and stood in the street reading it.

Then, as plainclothesmen ripped up a vietnam veteran's war protest placard and hauled him off, as President Richard Nixon was heard over a public speaker to compare himself with Abraham Lincoln, the woman slowly and deliberately ripped the paper into small bits. A small group of persons standing at the street corner grinned and applauded while grim-faced men in blue shirts and dark trousers moved closer to the veterans in anticipation of a response.

The day was August 18, when President Nixon came to the old Springfield Capitol to sign the bill making Lincoln's home a national monument.

Hundreds lined the streets, children waving the plastic flags a enterprising man was selling, parents glowing with patriotism and self-righteousness as they carefully side-stepped past the longhairs and blacks in the crowd. Except for the minorities' faces, the bright, white scene looked like a Norman Rockwell painting or a page from an Ann and David reading primer, if a little too liberally dotted with friendly neighborhood policemen.

Police, both state and local, quickly cleared the scene of all offensive signs (some questioning the war's continuation, some quoting Martin Luther King), explaining that the signs obstructed people's views and could be used as weapons. Placards reading "Nixon, We Love You" and similar slogans were left untouched.

look out kid...

SCENE 1. My direct encounter with Amerikan Justice (St. Ann variety) began June 18. Seeking brief respite for my hot blistered feet, I sat at the central fountain at Northwest Plaza with my feet immersed, whereupon one of St. Ann's finest (William Gholson, badge number 126) approached and 'requested' me to "Git outta the water." Having often seen respectable Amerikans in the water and ***not*** harrassed by the brownshirts, I asked if there was an ordinance relating to it, and the only reply was "git outta the water or I'll drag you out." Again I asked if there was any legal authority behind the 'request', and two minutes later found myself in handcuffs, under arrest, and being informed, "Take a close look at my face, pal, 'cos next time I won't bother taking you down to the station." Only after being arrested and manacled (ya can't be too careful when you're dealing with a hardened foot-soaker) was I told there was an ordinance prohibiting feet in the water at the great northwest. (I later found out that that ordinance was passed in St. Ann a month and a half ***after*** my arrest.) At fascist headquarters in St. Ann, when I asked about my rights, the Protectors of the Public told me "You can take your civil liberties and stick 'em up yer ass." When they began to question me for the "rush sheet" or booking form, I asked to see an attorney before I answered any questions and was told that I could be taken to the proverbial "back room" and persuaded to talk. I again requested the presence of an attorney, and this time I was picked up and thrown into the hold-over and thoroughly searched. Then a planclothesman told me the law required my cooperation, that I was not formally arrested until I completed and signed the rush sheet, and only after signing did the law allow me to make a call and be informed of my rights. I was charged with "failure to obey lawful request from a police officer" and released on $50 bond.

SCENE 2. July 8 found me in the Kangaroo Court of St. Ann, staring at the three suit-and-tie aliens behind the counter over which justice was dispensed like so much ground beef. It was an interesting performance – the 'judge' sat silent and uninvolved, occasionally nodding in agreement, while the City Attorney (William Dorsey) ran the whole show, sentencing and assessing fines, insulting the under-25 and freakier-looking defendants, and making prejudicial remarks. The arresting officer didn't show that night, so my case was continued. I asked about my constitutional right to legal counsel (I could not afford an attorney nor obtain free legal aid anywhere), to which Dorsey responded, "(if you can't afford an attorney)...then you'll have to go to jail without one." It seems a municipal court is not required to appoint attorneys. Moreover, it seems a municipal court is not required to abide by the constitution. I thanked the court for its 'justice' and as I was leaving the courtroom, the silence was broken by Man-of-the-People Dorsey's voice saying, "Officer, take that man downstairs and raise his bond from $50 to $100; he's likely not to show." I was once again taken down to the St. Ann PD and after finally managing to get a friend to show up with the bread, I was informed someone had spoken to Dorsey on my behalf and that I was free to go.

SCENE 3. The next week I returned to St. Ann City Hall to see the lawbooks to see if I had actually violated any ordinance or law. I was refused access to public records by the "ladies" working there.

SCENE 4. August 3 I was once again in court, and this time the judge was none other than City Attorney Dorsey. He asked for Gholson's story, in which pinnacles of perjury were scaled, and then for mine, which appeared to fall on unhearing ears. My defense was that Gholson's 'lawful request' was neither a request, nor lawful, and that at the time there was no way of determining its legality, since no signs were posted at the plaza and the officer refused to inform me of any laws or ordinances. I offered to support any part of my statement with a polygraph examination (lie-detector test, for the uninitiated). Upon completion of my account, Dorsey pronounced me guilty and assessed a fine of $100, $75 of it suspended pending non-appearance in court for 12 months. The fine was all the more unbelievable considering several women who pleaded guilty to shoplifting (over $50, I think) received suspended sentences (one was young and kind of attractive, the other a sweet old lady). I wanted to appeal the decision, but that required posting a $200 'appeal bond' and I had no financial provisions for $200 worth of justice. I believe my fine would have been considerably lighter had I pleaded guilty as charged. To challenge the court's contention that you are guilty by pleading 'not guilty' is understood as presumptuous, and punishable by stiffer sentencing.

SCENE V. The following week I again visited the halls of justice (" in the halls of justice the only justice is in the halls"), this time to get the refund on my bond and to see if my crime was actually a crime. When I asked if I could take a look at the books, the 'lady' behind the desk started in on a very hostile rap about my being a troublemaker, and then Chief McCue joined in. I was again denied access to "public" records and threatened with arrest (for peace disturbance) and $1000 bond if I didn't leave right then. Before I could leave, however, the Chief forcibly relieved me of a cassette recorder which had captured his threats. He said the recorder would be returned if I could produce a bill of sale. Two days later I returned with a receipt. Only after numerous threats of imprisonment and physical violence did the good Chief return the machine, with the tape erased, of course. While we were examining the recorder for damage in the parking lot, Chief McCue charged out of the station and again threatened us with arrest, because we were, he said, on private property.

My encounter is only one example in what appears to be a trend in the selective enforcement of anti-people laws (hitchhiking, loitering, vagrancy). How many housewives or businessmen - "respectable people" - do you see in court for loitering. How many are hassled by law enforcement officials for standing around just talking to friends, passing the time of day? (The same day after my arrest I saw the same cop, Ghoulson, walking away from the same fountain, in which a number of mothers and children were sitting).

The only way to beat the Man at his game is not to play it. Cause once they get you in jail or court, it's their show. They feel no compulsion to respect such trivialities as Supreme Court decisions (e.g. Miranda, Escobedo) or the U.S. Constitution, nor do they see the inconsistency of holding people responsible for laws ("Ignorance of the law is no excuse.") to which they are denied access. St. Ann's attitude seems to be "Don't worry about the Law, kid. If you break one, we'll tell you". In jail you have those rights "our protectors" choose to give, and in court you get as much justice as you can afford.

V.V.A.W. AMERICA AND Apple pie

A state policewoman stood shoulder-to-shoulder with a St. Louis veteran hoisting a Vietnam Veterans Against the War symbol-imprinted placard, apparently considered neutral enough to remain exposed, but suspicious enough to warrant having an official close at hand in case of trouble.

Trouble did come, in the form of a screaming, overwrought woman who taunted VVAW members until their silence provoked her to frenzy. "You don't have to stay in this country if you don't like, you know," she shouted in the sign-carrying boy's ear. "Get out of America, you Fascist!"

Finally, words producing no visible results, the woman began to tear off the boys shirt and rip at his back. Shaking with anger, the boy walked away and tried to smile at his friends. "She's really weird," he said, his attempt at a smile contorting his face into a pathetic expression of desperation. The policewoman blandly continued to stare, unseeing, at the squad cars which began to fill the streets.

A conservatively-dressed young woman walked over to a VVAW supporter and asked, "Did you see the police put that girl in a car? Why did they arrest her?" The supporter had seen the incident but did not know why the girl was arrested. "I just can't understand it," the woman said, looking bewildered. "I've never seen anything like it. She was just standing next to a boy holding a protest sign and they took her away."

At the front of the crowd, an older woman, laughing, said,"Look, that girl the police are taking is giving the crowd the finger." A middle-aged man in a sport shirt laughed shortly and said, "Yeah, them no-good kids are just here to provoke people. I hope the cops get them all."

The man, whose left arm appeared to be paralyzed, hanging stiff and useless from its sleeve, continued to talk loudly in the direction of the Vietnam protestors' group. "I was in the Korean War, nobody can tell me nothing about war I don't already know," he said. "These guys with their long hair never been to no war, you can tell that. They're just bums, trouble-makers."

He grinned and called across to a friend. "Hey, Joe!" he shouted. "You get a piece of this toilet paper they're handing out?" The man replied he hadn't. "Yeah, they're throwing around leaflets about the war. Lot of toilet paper!" he said humorously.

The White House press bus began to make its way down the street. Most persons in the crowd waved, some saluted, Vietnam protestors gave the peace sign and, to the latter's surprise, as the Korean War veteran raised his hand in greeting, his silent friend slowly extended his arm toward the street and spread his first and second fingers in the peace sign.

Meanwhile, Vietnam veterans holding pass cards to the grandstand area in front of the Capitol were trying to gain entrance. In the policemen's exuberance in performance of duty, they emphasized their desire not to have longhairs attend by clubbing them and a few bystanders who happened to be in the way. One longhair not with Veterans received a clout on the head and was pushed away from the entrance by an overzealous cop.

Over the loudspeaker, Governor Ogilvie welcome the President with the words, "All of Illinois welcomed you, emphasizing the word "all" loudly. The Governor proceeded to discuss Lincoln's presidential life of hardships and decision-making, and compared Lincoln favorably with Nixon.

Mr. Nixon, seemingly appreciative of the Governor's kind words, enlarged on his comparison and pointed out even more ways in which he, Nixon, was similar to Lincoln. Outside the Capitol, more and more officials' autmobiles formed a barricade isolating the people from the President.

One wonders at the end of an entertainment performance such as the Springfield circus, when the balloons have wilted and the flat-footed clowns have gone away, whether the nicely-dressed woman who tore up the Veterans' leaflet would have ripped up a copy of the Constitution, had a longhair presented it to her.

One wonders whether in effect, by rejecting a second examination of opinion, by failing to question rock-walled beliefs and prejudices, the woman might not just as well have destroyed the guarantees and freedoms ensured to her as well as (supposedly) to every other American as stated in that long-forgotten, cobweb covered document.

Vietnam Veterans Against the War

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE ?

feiffer

in cinemascope

Carnal Knowledge, Mike Nichols' latest film, is barely carnal enough to offend some middle-Americans, yet knowledgable enough about sex to be taken seriously by those who see that it is, in fact, a satire about American male sexuality. It's got, in a way, something for everyone:

- *For film buffs, some cinematic skillfulness (Bergmanesque shots of characters at eyeball range talking about themselves; a symbolically elusive figure skater dressed in white on white background),*
- *For teenagers, a documentary of their own painful/comic growth into sexuality,*
- *For women's liberation, a poignant look at the sexuality which drives so many men and wounds the women they lay but cannot love. A sensitive critique of male conversations - the sexual strategies, the obsession with self-image, the enduring rivalry and one-upsmanship,*
- *For middle-aged men, a chance to relive their youthful conquests, without ever realizing that they were the losers even when they won.*
- *For middle-aged wives, a chance to walk out in moral disgust, unaware that the film is talking about the abuse they too have probably suffered.*

Unfortunately, the film may fail to make its point to most of its audience exactly because it is capable of being so many things to so many different people. Perhaps all satires suffer this fate: they're capable of being viewed "straight" by an audience that isn't able to distinguish between what is said at face value and what isn't– to distinguish the real thing from the "put on". The movie is one of the best examinations of American values I've seen, but it has its problems.

Take the beginning, for instance. The film opens with a "stage blackout": all we hear is a dialogue between the two main characters as the titles and credits appear on the screen. That's a nice cinematic technique, but it is also self-defeating. The initial dialogue between Sandy and Jonathan is very important. It sets up a difference between them which will run throughout the movie:

Sandy: A girl should be a companion...
Jonathan: Naw, give me BIG tits.
Sandy: Well, sexy but not a tramp.
Jonathan: Yea, BIG tits.

Unfortunately, anyone seeing the movie for the first time is going to have trouble fitting the voices he hears with the appropriate characters, especially since the titles are probably distracting his attention. Cinematic cleverness conflicts with satire; the film's unusual opening detracts from understanding.

A bigger problem comes from the difference we are supposed to feel between Sandy and Jonathan, a difference clearly set up in that opening dialogue. Sandy is naive, idealistic, and something of a clutz. Jonathan, meanwhile, is a worldly, cynical bastard, a representative of exploitive sexuality at its worst. There should be everything to choose between the two men. and at first indeed, they promise to show us the difference between lover and cocksman.

Yet the movie fudges. Or perhaps it is "complex" ... bigger than an allegory of Love and Lust. A new theme is introduced, which might be called "the games men play". At this point things get difficult.

Sandy discusses the roles people play with his first serious girl:

Susan: I hate college mixers. Everyone's such a fake.
Sandy: Yea, everybody plays a role.
Susan: I'm not sure I agree.
Sandy: What do you mean?
Susan: Everybody acts a role, but it's really them.
Sandy: How can it be them if they're acting?
Susan: Because they're an act.

It turns out that Susan's right: Sandy is an act from start to finish, playing first the cocksman game, then the obedient husband game, then the successful professional game. He adopts roles as fast as Jonathan adopts and discards women, and is bullied by Jonathan and the world in general into filling roles he has had no part in making:

Susan: Why do you want to touch me there if I don't enjoy it?
Sandy: Because after the number of times we've been out together I ought to be touching you there.

When Sandy plays games like that it's hard to tell where his naivete leaves off and the opportunism he has learned from Jonathan begins.

The movie doesn't supply its own interpretation, either. Jules Feiffer wrote the screenplay, and his characters often speak directly into camera like figures from his panel cartoons. We're frequently shown one of the two male leads head-on, with no glimpses of other characters' reactions to what he says. Consequently we're given few clues about how to "take" what is said. The movie is structured around dialogues between the two buddies as they discuss their sexual lives. But these dialogues have a way of turning into single-character monologues, spoken into the camera: very Feiffer, and perhaps not completely suited to the film medium where interaction between characters is key to interpretation.

As the movie progresses, the difference between Sandy and Jonathan becomes harder and harder to perceive. Both hurt the women who are part of their lives, and they do so in ways more subtle but also more pervasive than Jonathan's "big tits" incantations. For instance, Sandy and Jonathan have a fascinating little talk in the kitchen about their respective dates.

The men decide that Sandy's date is a little too "masculine". She plays tennis to win, she goes right to the record player and puts on the music she likes, and so forth. Worst of all, she gives orders in bed "like a close-order drill."

Jonathan's woman, on the other hand, is too passive, and he's sick of that. A woman, it seems, should be passive but not too passive, aggressive but not too agressive. In short, everything to suit every man's every whim. This point is punctuated when the men decide to swap women: property owners playing let's trade.

The logical conclusion of all this is Jonathan's homemade movie of his sexual career, entitled "The Ballbusters". They're all guilty, in essence, of not liking his fuck 'em and forget 'em philosophy.

Sandy, on the other hand, winds up his sexual career as paunch-bellied, forty year old hippie living with an eighteen year old girl whom he calls his "love teacher". He renounces all the roles he has played · cocksman, successful professional, obedient husband, "Love" in the end is enough for him.

The only problem is that Sandy's renunciation is completely unexpected, and unexplained; it borders on being unbelievable. The movie perhaps hints that Sandy, who plays for love, is only a cocksman who couldn't make it, and thus gives up playing in the cocksman's ballpark where he can't win. Love, like the cocksman's game, may be just another role we play. Maybe. The movie isn't entirely clear on this point, and unfortunately in a movie about love and lust and sexuality and cocksmanship it makes a difference.

The teasing, ambiguous portrayal of Sandy, however, is no reason not to see the movie. This is a movie that grabs you in part with the ambiguities and dangling themes it leaves behind. The viewer is tempted to pursue several lines of interpretation, such as analyzing the lives of the women who cross Sandy and Jonathan's paths. But before you get very far, you realize that there is not enough in the picture to develop these other areas. The movie's a satire on male sexuality, and if you try to go beyond this motif you end up constructing your own script.

In any case, the movie's own script is quite sufficient. And it gives you the pleasure of two shows: the show on film, and the show put on by the theatre audience with its walkouts, its gigglers, its titterers. If you can learn a lot about American sexuality from the movie, you can learn almost as much by watching the interaction between the theatre audience and the film. So catch it– both shows.

DEAR OUTLAW:

Almost immediately after I saw the movie "Klute", the new issue of the "Outlaw" (see Vol. two, Issue 7) came out with a review of the movie.I was glad to see that the paper had reviewed the movie because I really liked it and thought it had a lot of insight into the role women play in American society, especially to the situation of prostitutes. Yet, when I finished the article, I was pretty disgusted. The obviously male author had completely missed the substance of the movie as I saw it. Instead he had divulged his own sarcasm and his cynical view of life and superimposed these views on the movie. Perhaps the Outlaw staff itself should have questioned the review, and should in fact take responsibility for the article. For as I understand it, the purpose of the paper is to deal with subjects that are rarely dealt with in the Post Dispatch, and to inform people of the situations that others are oppressed within. This review of "Klute" gave no real indication that the movie dealt with prostitution and how it oppresses women at all, and I think that the Outlaw has really failed here.

As a women, I feel that the movie spoke to the daily situation that many women are forced into and the needs of all women in this society. The scenes in the movie depict specifically the life of the Park Avenue prostitute, the high paid call girl, but portrays the fears, frustrations, needs, and facades of all prostitutes and most women in American society. We see Jane Fonda (Bree Daniels) the high paid call girl, in her beautiful clothing putting on her act for a man-- satisfying his want, but never her own; we see her friend forced from prostitution to heroin; and later we see that same woman and another dead, by the hand of a sick man who would probably like to see all women dead; we hear descriptions of Bree having to accept being beaten by men, because they enjoy it and will pay well for the chance; and we see Bree for once in her life enjoying and really feeling good about someone else, while immediately thinking that that person is trying to deceive her. What forces hundreds of women to endure these lives? Why do they come to regard this as a career, a profession-- as an actress would a part? Why are women forced into roles that they do not fit into and that mold them into people they are not? Why do they lose feeling and sensitivity? The beautiful and very truthfully revealing dialogues between Bree and her psychiatrist, also a woman, answer many of these questions. It seems probably for the first time, Hollywood has made a movie that significantly deals with prostitution, why women turn

to it for money, and the role of women in our society.

Why didn't the male reviewer deal with any of these aspects of the movie? Why is it so hard for men to admit that the situations of prostitutes are merely the more emphasized side of the lives of many women in this society? Had the reviewer talked about more than just the action filled plot of the movie and had he not been so preoccupied by the body of Jane Fonda, perhaps he could have seen what "Klute" was all about.

A sister

OP-PRESS--(ME oppression, fr. ob-against)
1. a "archaic: suppress b: to crush or burden by abuse of power or authority
2. : to burden spiritually or mentally as if by pressure: weigh down syn.-see depress

BANGLA DESH- 1. East Pakistan recently voted as a free people to become a Desh, or nation.
2. The military regime of Pakistan refused to accept these results of the election. They cannot afford to fight a costly war. The U. S. government continues to support the million dollar a day war. The U.S. has sent nine ships of military arms to West Pakistan and ninety-nine million dollars in economic and military aid has started to flow.

PO-ET-RY-1. a metrical writing; verse
2.:writing that formulates a concentrated imaginative awareness of experience in language chosen and arranged to create a specific emotional response through meaning sound, and rhythm. 3. a quality that stirs the emotion.
(Websters 7th dictionary)

THERE WILL BE A POETRY READING
BROWN HALL LOUNGE/ WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 10th/ 8 o'clock p.m.
more than one dozen poets from St. Louis
India and Pakistan will be reading
FOR THE BANGLA DESH RELIEF FUND

BANGLA DESH

The suppression of the East Pakistanisby the military government of the West has resulted in a situation in which over a million people face starvation, and the prospects of a major war in another part of Asia are growing.

Pakistan was created in 1947 from the Moslem areas of the Indian subcontinent. East Pakistan, or East Bengal, contains 60 percent of the population. West Pakistan, separated by 1000 miles from the East, is twice the geographical size of the East, and is the seat of political and economic power for all of Pakistan.

Almost from the beginning, the rulers of West Pakistan have undertaken whatever steps necessary to prevent national elections which would give the Bengal people their rightful majority voice in the government. General Ayub Khan's 1958 coup was executed to prevent such elections. He succeeded for ten years. In 1968-69, a student uprising precipitated a widespread rebellion that was finally ended by General Yahya Khan, who had to agree to elections.

The elections were held last December. Sheikla Mujibur Rahman's Awami League won control of the national assembly. The Awami League was not a revolutionary movement; it was led by the small Bengal middle class.

Its program was not one of secession, but rather a set of demands that would end the dominance of the West over the East. The exploitation of the East was so bad that the Awami League won over 90% of the vote in Bengal.

East Pakistan has been described as a colony of the West. The East has been drained of its resources to build up the West. Foreign aid is used mostly in the West. West Pakistani capitalists control the major businesses of the East. There are over four times as many hospital beds in the West as in the East. The per capita income for Pakistanis in the West is 61% higher than for those in the East. The huge military establishment does not permit East Pakistanis to join, and they have been excluded from middle and upper level government posts.

The West has tried to suppress Bengali culture. Books containing derogatory remarks about the Bengalis were made required reading for Bengali students, while works of Bengali scholars were prohibited.

It was against this kind of oppression that the East Pakistanis cast their ballots in December. But the West refused to accept the results of the election, the only general election in the history of the country. General Khan's troops invaded the East in March of this year. The Awami League was outlawed, and most of its leaders jailed. Dacca University was bombed, and innocent unarmed civilans, as well as protesting students, were slaughtered.

Bangla Desh children washing in their only water supply

dead Bangla Desh guerilla being hauled in rickshaw

Estimates of the Bengali death toll range from 200,000 to one million. Over 50,000 refugees are streaming into India every day. There they face a slower death in the disease ridden refugee camps.

The surviving millions of East Pakistanis are in imminent danger of starvation. Floods last year destroyed half a million tons of rice. In November the worst cyclone of the century ruined more rice and rendered one thousand square miles of land uncultivatable for at least a year. Foreign aid intended for the Benaglis has been controlled by the West and used as another weapon of military and political domination.

China's verbal support of the West Pakistani government has puzzled many people. The United States, long admired by leaders of the Awami League, has given more than verbal support to the West. Since the invasion and a supposed U.S. embargo on arms, nine ships of military supplies have been allowed to sail to West Pakistan. Millions of dollars in economic aid to the West are expected ot continue.

The developments in Pakistan could lead to another war with India. They may also produce a protracted guerrilla war waged by the Bengali people for their national liberation. This in turn would aid the people of West Bengal, a province of India which already has a guerrilla force fighting the Indian government. A united, socialist Bengal, in the words of one leftist Pakistani scholar, would "sound the death knell of Indian capitalism."

There are moves in the U.S. Senate to terminate all aid to West Pakistan until food and supplies are distributed on a regular basis throughout East Pakistan and the refugees in India are repatriated. The St. Louis Bangla Desh League is asking people to write their Congressmen and request that the following two points be included in any legislation dealing with Pakistan: (1) All aid to West Pakistan must be cut off until the army wihtdraws from East Pakistan and a political settlement is worked out with the Bengali resistance, and (2) This settlement must be based on the acceptance of an independent Bangla Desh.

The league is collecting contributions for relief funds for the refugees. They can be sent to: St. Louis Bengla Desh League, 828 Audubon, Clayton, Mo. 63105.

Eqbal Ahmad, a noted authority on Pakistan and a co-defendant in the Harrisburg Conspiracy case, will speak at the student union building of St. Louis University at 2 P. M. Tuesday, September 21. He will speak at 8 p.m. at Graham Chapel, Washington University, on the same day.

– The information for this article was taken from the June issue of Ramparts, the September 2 issue of the New York Review, and from material supplied by the St. Louis Bengla Desh League

WOMEN AND

This is the first in a series of articles on Women and Health that the Outlaw plans to run. We could use your help and suggestions on this and other health-related information. We are all just beginning to work and learn and grow together in this area, and there are many, many things we want to cover.

Health is an issue that everyone can relate to...black, white, men, women, old, young, straight, or gay. All of us are messed over by the American health care system in different ways and in different degrees. Almost no one can afford medical care and almost no one gets good health care.

Women, however, generally confront and interact with the health system more than men. Women see doctors, use clinics and hospitals more often than men and women are responsible for trying to meet the health needs of children. This is not, maybe, as it should be, or would be in a society of totally integrated human beings, but the fact remains that in the rigidly delineated system of roles now operating, it is true. Most health workers (other than doctors) are women and women are the lowest paid health workers.

We have started to realize how much health care in this country really means sickness care. The medical establishment is interested in curing people who are sick, not in preventing people from getting sick, not in keeping people healthy. Insurance plans pay for hospitalization, but not for annual check-ups. Although recently there has been more talk in medical schools and journals about preventative medicine, people are conditioned only to go to doctors when they are sick. The money and status in medicine is in research rather than in service. Millions of dollars are channelled into researching and developing technology for rare diseases and procedures. For example, there is lots of money for organ transplants and very little for dealing with the VD epidemic. Medicine is big business and doctors are basically getting paid for treating sick people, not for keeping people healthy. The drug industry and the medical hardware industry also thrive on sickness.

People are also beginning to see ways in which the health system functions as an overt form of repression. Drug company ads tranquilize the housewife into calm, foggy acceptance of her role. Healthy hostility and resistance in children is being diagnosed as pathology (disease) and treated with drugs and surgery (lobotomy) to produce docile, compliant, co-operative future citizens. We are seeing how gay people have been crushed and scarred by a psychiatric system which invalidates our right to define our lives and choices, and labels love for one's own sex a sickness.

The medical system is a rigid class system. As in society at large, the pecking order is clearly defined. Doctors preside over nurses, who in turn are over aides, who are over ward clerks, who are over custodial people. Each profession has its own hierarchy – neurosurgeons over cardiologists over g.p.'s – nurses with administrative responsibilities are ranked above nurses who are primarily concerned with patient care. The whole system is geared to maintain and reinforce privilege and power at the expense of the person seeking health care. Any move to share skills and knowledge, especially with the patient, represents a grave threat to the system.

We need a new kind of health system. A kind which deals with the whole person. We need doctors who do not make us feel that our bodies are base and inferior, or that we are incapable of understanding to a large extent how they work and why. We need doctors who feel that knowing about a person's family, nutritional habits, work or school situation is a necessary part of good health care and who will be honest with us about our bodies instead of masking their own uncertainties behind latin-greek gibberish.

One of the reasons this doesn't exist is because we have developed in a society in which people and their total well-being is one of the lowest priorities. We are struggling not only to change this, but to increase our knowledge of ourselves as we go along, in order to support the changes we feel are necessary.

We have to deal with doctors and/or hospitals at some point in our lives. For women, the first health problem we generally have to confront independently is gynecological. This also happens to be an area of great mystification and ignorance among us, the recipients of this care, mostly because sex is incredibly objectified in our society. Thus, we are often confused, embarrassed or just plain ignorant when it comes to finding health care for our gynecological needs, whatever they may be. And this ignorance results in a lot of women freaking out, going through unwanted pregnancies and abortions alone. We have tried to compile a fairly comprehensive list of competent and reasonably priced clinics and family planning services in St. Louis. We hope you'll be able to use it.

. . . . . .

adapted from Off Our Backs

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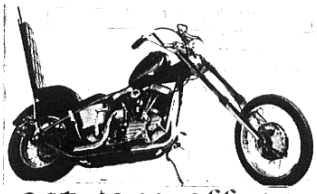

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HEALTH

A LOOK AT ST. LOUIS:

V.D. TREATMENT

County Health Dept. VD Clinic, 801 S. Brentwood, 726-1100, ext. 267 or 268.

No charge for treatment. Treatment is offered to any county resident. Signed consent of parent is needed for treatment of persons under 18, but signature is not checked.

City Health Dept. VD Clinic, Room 18, Municipal Courts Bldg., 12th and Market Streets. 453-3011, ext. 3523.

No charge for treatment. Will treat anybody, including non-city residents. Monday - Friday, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Signed consent of parent needed for treatment of persons under 18. Parents are generally expected to sign at the clinic.

AFTER OCTOBER 1ST, A LAW IS EXPECTED TO BE IN EFFECT ALLOWING THE TREATMENT OF PERSONS OF ANY AGE WITHOUT CONSENT OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN. THIS LAW WILL COVER BOTH THE COUNTY AND CITY CLINICS.

BIRTH CONTROL

County Health Dept. Family Planning Clinics. The county operates three family planning clinics. 1) 801 S. Brentwood. 726-1100, ext. 230. 2)206 S. Florissant Road, Fergusson. JA 4-3400. 3)9 Marshall Road, Valley Park. 225-5367.

The services at all three centers are similar, and are as follows. No charge for services. Birth control equipment (pills, etc.) given free of charge.

Clinics are open to any county resident. No proof of address is generally required. Students attending college in the county qualify as county residents.

Treatment of women under 18 only with parent's signature, unless the woman has been pregnant. A parent is generally expected to accompany a woman under 18. All forms of birth control are offered at the clinics.

City Health Dept. Family Planning Clinics. The city operates four clinics: 1)3200 S. 13th St. 2)1501 S. Grand. 3)1528 N. Kingshighway. 4)1421 N. Jefferson.

For further information about the hours and services at any of these clinics, call PR 3-2666. Services at all four clinics are free.

Women under 17 need parent's signature, or proof of marriage. The parent is generally expected to accompany such a woman to the clinic.

You must be a city resident to be treated at the clinics. Each clinic serves a specific geographical area, and you will be assigned to a clinic appropriate for your address. No proof of address is required.

Yeatman Health Center, 2730 N. Grand. 531-4150.

The Yeatman Family Planning Clinic is open only to those patients in the immediate area who can't get to the city's Jefferson Avenue Clinic. (They make an exception for pregnancy tests – see below).

There is no charge for services. Women under 18 must have the signed consent of a parent, made in the presence of the nurse. The clinic offers free pregnancy tests on a walk-in basis to anyone off the streets, whether they live in the immediate area or not.

Planned Parenthood, 4947 Delmar. 361-6360.

Charges are based on a patient's income. $5.00 is the average charge for the initial examination and pap test (this does not include the cost of birth control materials). All birth control supplies prescribed at PP must be purchased at the PP Clinic. Pills are $1.00 per month supply; diaphragm is $2.00. IUD costs $10.00 and requires four visits. IUD's are given only to women who have had a full-term pregnancy.

Treatment is available to anyone from any geographical area (including out-of-state). Women under 17 will be given birth control material under any one of the following conditions: if they are married (proof, such as a license or announcement, is required); if they are to be married (proof, such as newspaper announcement, receipt from wedding dress, letter from minister, is required); if they have been pregnant, had a miscarriage or abortion; if they have the signed consent of parent (this is checked); if they are referred from a doctor, clergyman or social agency.

Birth Control – Campuses

Washington University Health Service. VO 3-0100, ext. 4288.

Birth control is available to any Washington U. student, faculty member or staff, or wife of the above. Women must be 18 years old. Parents are not contacted about birth control sought by unmarried students. The gynecologist is available twice a week only, on Tuesday and Thursday mornings.

Initial visit for birth control: $12.00 (price covers pap smear and examination). Return visit: $8.00. Pregnancy test: $5.00. If prescriptions are filled at the Health Service, costs are $4.05-4.50 for three months' supply of pills; $5.00 for diaphragm. The Health Service does not fit IUD's.

St. Louis University Health Service

No birth control available.

University of Missouri, St. Louis, Health Service

Treats students only (not faculty or staff). Each student requesting birth control materials will speak to the physician, and her case will be "individually evaluated."

Webster College

There is no gynecologist on the health service staff. Women requesting birth control are referred to a private doctor or to Planned Parenthood. Parents are not notified of requests for birth control from unmarried students.

ABORTION

Clergyman Consultation Service (abortion counseling). 388-0310.

CCS is a non-profit group, which will see anyone of any age for abortion counseling and will help make arrangements at out-of-state hospitals or clinics for an abortion. Regardless of the age of the woman, parents are never notified unless a woman requests the Service's help in talking to her parents. The Service refers only to licensed doctors.

When you call the above number, you will get a recording referring you to one of the Service's counselors. If the recording seems impersonal, don't let it bug you. The Service doesn't have enough help to staff a phone round the clock. The Service's counselors are very sympathetic.

If you think you are pregnant and will want an abortion, you can proceed one of two ways:

1) Phone the CCS and ask their counselor to refer you to one of the doctors they work with for a pregnancy test.

2) Arrange for a pregnancy test with your own doctor. When you see your doctor, keep in mind that to help you get an abortion, the CCS will need a statement from the doctor of how many weeks pregnant you are. *A lab test confirming pregnancy is not sufficient.* The Service must have the doctor's written estimate of how many weeks pregnant you are, based on his examination of you.

Time is the most important factor in arranging an abortion. If you use your own doctor instead of one of the Service's doctors, be sure you insist on seeing him immediately. Don't wait 2-3 weeks for an appointment.

A Note on Comparative Costs

Many of the Family Planning Clinics listed above are free. Even the most expensive of the services (Washington U. Health Service) compares favorably with the cost of a visit to a private physician. The Outlaw checked the fees of two groups of obstetricians chosen at random from the phone book. They are as follows:

1) OB-GYN Associates. 100 N. Euclid. 367-1260.

$25 for initial breast and pelvic exam; $5 lab fee for pap smear. The doctors in this group will prescribe all forms of birth control. They will see unmarried women 18 or over, and college women, with no questions asked. High school age women are expected to be accompanied by a parent.

2) *A second group of gynecologists* in the county seemed particularly sympathetic towards high school age women. Because we don't want them to get hassled, we aren't going to list their names in the Outlaw. We'll be glad to give you their names if you come by the Outlaw office. We won't give this information out over the phone.

This group of doctors charged $15 for initial breast and pelvic exam; $5 lab fee for pap smear. The doctors will prescribe birth control for anyone old enough to get pregnant, without the knowledge or consent of parents. However, if a woman looks particularly young, she may be asked to pay when leaving the office (the nurse explained that they've had trouble with young women who give a false name and then can't be billed). The doctors will prescribe all forms of birth control.

In addition to $20-30 for an initial examination and pap smear, a woman visiting a private gynecologist can expect to pay an additional $10-20 for the fitting and purchase of a diaphragm, or alternatively, and additional $20-$25 for a year's supply of pills.

The Medical Committee for Human Rights (MCHR) is beginning a national Health Crusade to fight for a good health care system for everyone. High quality. Available when you need it. No matter what color your skin is. Whether or not you have money.

We believe that any national health care plan must:

1. end profit making in health care. Health care is a service, not a business.
2. pay for all services with a progressive tax on total wealth. One without loopholes that makes corporations and the rich pay their share.
3. provide complete and preventative health care with no charges for health services.
4. administer medical centers locally through representatives of patients and health workers.
5. create a federal non-profit corporation to produce and distribute drugs and medical supplies.

If you agree, help us. MCHR will begin educational programs in schools, neighborhoods, unions and hospitals; conduct letter writing campaigns; collect petitions, and go to radio, television and the press in our fight. In St. Louis, contact: Medical Committee for Human Rights, St. Louis Chapter, P.o. Box 4738, St. Louis, Mo. 63108. (314)863-6790.

Some New Readers Write: The Outlaw

Summer in St. Louis isn't the most exciting scene, and putting out a newspaper has its downs as well as its ups. Some people who contribute a lot to the Outlaw were gone all summer, we've been without an office for three months – problems like these combined with the weather to get us down at times. Plus the fact that we're always worrying about how to improve the paper and increase the number of people who read it.

But something is always happening to bring us up, to make it all seem worthwhile. One thing which has affected us this way has been the increasing flow of letters from prisoners.

Since the fifth issue of the paper, we've stated that subscriptions are free to GIs and prisoners. We anticipated sending out some GI subs. Ft. Leonard Wood is fairly close, and we figured local GIs would pick up on the paper when home on leave. So since that time, we've gotten numerous requests from GIs.

We didn't expect much response from prisoners. Unless some readers got busted and jailed, we didn't see how prisoners would know about the Outlaw, and we didn't think the authorities would let it in. For a time there were no letters from prisoners, but now that's changed.

It started last spring. We got a letter from an inmate at the Washington State Penitentiary at Monroe, Washington. Apparently some rules were changed to permit underground papers, and someone, God knows who, gave out our name and address. We sent the paper, not expecting to find out if it even reached the man.

Then we got another letter, and another, and soon we were getting requests about twice a week. Inmates were reading the paper, passing it on, and others wrote for their own subs. They're still coming. We can spot them as soon as we get the mail. They all arrive in the same little envelope – the return address doesn't say anything about prison; it just has a printed post office box number, the city, state and zip code, and a man's name and number written in above.

Now, just as suddenly as before, the process is starting again at another prison – the State Correctional Institution at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. Someone got our address and requested the paper. We sent it and now more requests are coming. It's exciting to watch this thing grow.

We can't always get through. The papers we mailed to the Missouri prison at Moberly were returned, stamped "Not on Approved Mailing List." We don't know what the censorship situation is at most institutions. We want to send the paper wherever prisoners want to read it. If they or their friends will send us names and addresses, we will try to get the paper to them. We'd especially like to get the Outlaw into some women's prisons.

An inmate at the State Penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington, sent us a copy of the prison newsletter. Under the name of the prison, he wrote "The Harvard of the 70s." And in format the newsletter looked a little like a dormitory bulletin or perhaps an informational sheet circulated at a big summer camp. The word "prison" was not used at all. The newsletter was titled "Correctional Bulletin," and under the masthead it read "Department of Social and Health Services." (!!!)

The newsletter contained short announcements pertaining to "adult corrections" – meetings of officers, news of the debate teams, summary of relevant legislation passed by the state, etc. There was an explanation of library policies – which seemed pretty liberal. But only the prisoners know what this euphemistic stuff really means, if anything.

The letters we receive vary in length and detail. Some prisoners just write one sentence requesting the sub. Others write a page explaining what they're in for and what the place is like. All seem eager to get news from the outside.

We're sharing some of these letters now with our readers. We aren't sure what kind of hassle the prisoners might get for writing, so we're not printing the names.

If you know of prisoners who might want the Outlaw, please give them our address or send us theirs. (All letter writers should stop addressing us as sir, brothers, or gentlemen. This is not an all-male newspaper, and we don't like having some of us excluded with such greetings.)

We don't have the power yet to free prisoners or even improve jail conditions. The killing of George Jackson made us really *feel* our powerlessness. But sending the paper is one little thing we can do for our brothers and sisters who are locked up by the Man.

To the People,

I was told that if I wrote to you that you would send me your paper free. I am in prison in Monroe, Wash. We don't get very good papers here, because the pigs don't dig on it. Well someone overruled the pigs and are letting us get underground papers. I really think it is far out.

This prison is like most hell holes messed up. The pigs are always messing with our times. Someone overruled the pigs again and they are letting us grow long hair and beards. It's really far out, but the pigs really mess with our time now. A lot of guys shaved because the pigs got on their case too much. It's getting so we will have to off a pig to save a con. Hell, they don't care how much time we do. Put their punk asses in here and they would be crying after a day if they would live that long.

Prison is a lot different kind of a life. It's not a life for people or any other living thing. The people who run prisons should be put in here.

Power to the people
[Signed]
Monroe, Wash.

Dear People,

Help! I'm being held in an Amerikan concentration camp. And it's a real drag!

How about laying a subscription to your paper on me. It sure would help me do this time the pigs insist I owe them for smoking weed. And it would keep me informed on what's going down on the war movement, other political prisoners, etc. So if you can help I would really dig it.

Yours in the Struggle,
[Signed]
Monroe, Wash.

Peace!

Through the compassionate auspices of my friends in the "Liberation" media, I am NOW AWARE. Your interest in the oppression and injustices prevalent in today's prison systems is to be commended and we the trampled support your group and others like you who recognize these problems and are at least offering SOME "outside" voice!

Being at present confined in this institution (?) I am unable to give the active support to your efforts that they deserve. But I am interested in being kept abreast of the latest developments in your fight and would like to receive your publication on a regular basis if possible. I have been informed that prisoners are furnished copies and if this is so, I would appreciate being placed on your list for consideration.

Thank you again for your efforts in your fight for us, the inmates of the nation's "Camps."

In closing let me offer you my active help upon my release and hope you may be able to use me in some capacity. Although my talents are limited, I offer my heart and soul in a fight-to-the-end battle for all human beings now under the hob nails of the oppressors!

Fight on brothers and sisters, the battle is just beginning!!!!

Peace to you and yours,
[Signed]
Huntingdon, Penn.

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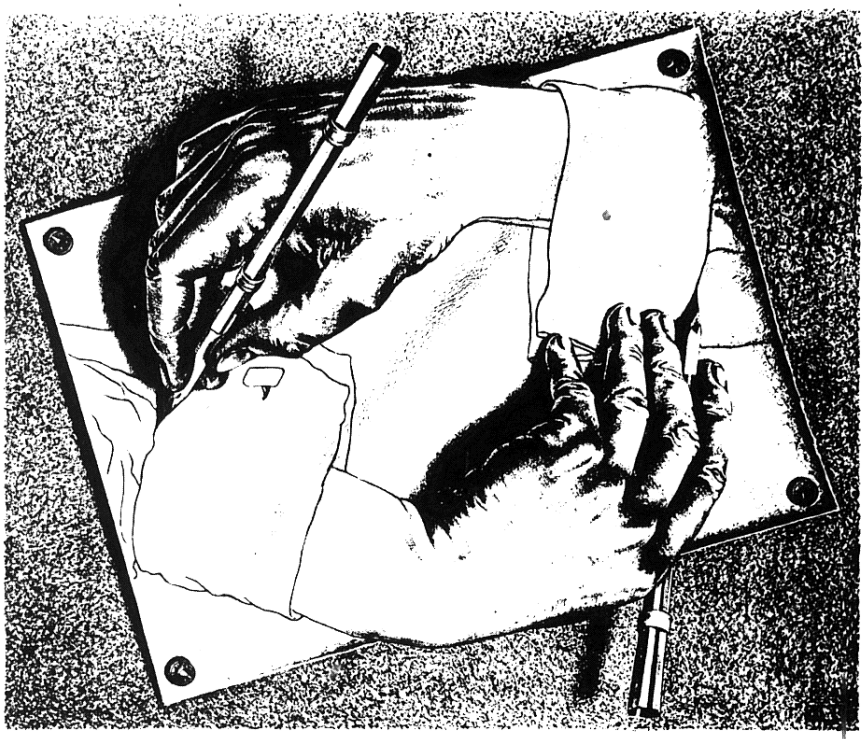
Gets Into Prison



We sent a letter to this prisoner to find out whether the paper got to him, and to ask him to write a bit about the place. This is his reply:

To the Outlaw,

PEACE TO YOU AND YOURS!

I was really laid out when I got that little personal touch from your group via the U.S. Mail. Also I'm feeling in fine shape now that I know these intellectually-void days will soon be broken with the receiving of your paper regularly.

I really dug your work and appreciate the fact that people outside are sincerely putting forth real efforts in the struggle to again make Americans out of Amerikans! The re-structuring of the present material-love that has blossomed during the past 30 years must be cast out and the greater love-goals of humans, nature and the arts manifest themselves into the NEW society! It was a real pleasure to read my first issue of the OUTLAW with its enlightening reading from the front line fighters in the struggle for re-structuring our present standards which are rapidly becoming passe with each new breath into life-style on this mud ball called earth.

You asked about Huntingdon. I will give you a short encompassing view which I am presenting as fair as possible in this first time evaluation.

This is a medium-minimum security prison located in Central Pennsylvania. It is run by and surrounded by the "red-neck" type of victorian do-gooders! Although an effort is being made to change this employee type it is rather difficult to secure academically and psychologically qualified people due to the out-of-the-way type of locale. The population is about 950, equally divided among black and white. Education, both academic and vocational, is almost nil. The emphasis is placed on meeting requirements for a G.E.D. diploma which amounts to preparing you for reading soup can labels. The food is better than most institutions I have been in and is probably the best facet of this prison.

Communication with the higher echelon is like learning a tibetan love song as they serve the state's purpose and NOT the inmates who they profess to be trying to help. The need for better communication and qualified personnel, and I mean that literally, is evident even to the most anti-inmate observer. If you get sick you are really in trouble! Medication is of the "drink a lotta hot water and jump up and down" concept. As far as recreation, we have the usual inmate pacifiers such as one movie a week, seasonal sports leagues, yearly talent show and winter long T.V. (The Partridge Family, ugh!). As far as wages go, they range from approximately 25 cents per day up to 1.43 per day with the latter being achieved by about 30–35 men in Correctional Industries. The average for the general population is about 6.00 per month. We are allowed to spend 7.00 per week in the commissary and there are no cut rates! They have a few more pacifiers – radios, relaxed censorship (hence this letter, maybe!), greater laxity in ordering outside clothing and the innovation of playing cards.

Home Furloughs have been initiated along with an expanded Community Treatment Program which is a variation of the Half-way House concept. With the addition of new members on the Penn. Board of Parole it is now easier to make parole, but the so-called criminally minded and repeaters find it hard to take advantage of the various novel programs being initiated for EVERYONE. Lifers and other long timers can forget it!

They have nothing going for them. There is a so-called "good time" bill being considered in legislature which will enable them to go up for parole after "15 years"!

Space is now becoming a problem so I hope this short and by all means NOT complete evaluation will help you understand what type of prison this is. If you would like any point or topic clarified please feel free to ask, I ain't got nothing BUT time! I've tried to give you some of the good and the bad while trying to be objective without being wordy. I hope I've been fair.

If this gets by the censor, I hope to hear from your group soon and if you desire any type of information that you think I may be able to furnish I will be only too glad to do so, if at all possible.

IN BONDAGE,
[Signed]
Huntingdon, Penn.

Outlaw,

I'm doin' time up here in the penitentiary in Washington at Monroe.

It came down to me awhile back that the "man" started letting the underground press into the joint. Some dude gave me your address and say you might turn a dude on to your paper. So I'm wondering if you would do it.

Since I started doing my time 3 years ago, I have seen many changes come down here in the joint, but it still has a long ways to go before it's together.

Being in your cages for up to 20 hours a day, the outrageously high store prices, being fed bug infested meals are just part of the raggedly run program we have here at Monroe.

But as a lot of the inmates at this particular prison are or were people involved in the "movement" on the streets, there are many changes in the near future that will greatly help this joint.

I hope you can understand my "fundless" situation and are able to help another convict get down and keep together with the street activities. But could you let me know in some kind of way if you are sending your paper so I can be sure it gets to me.

Get Down,
[Signed]
Monroe, Wash.

Dear Outlaws,

I am a prisoner in the Washington State Reformatory at Monroe. I also live in St. Louis on the South Side. Came up here about a year ago to get some of this weed they have up here and I haven't got back yet. When I seen your paper up here I flipped. I would like you to send me a subscription.

[Signed]
Monroe, Wash.

Dear People,

I am in prison and wish to thank you for your free paper.

Please stop sending it in Nov. as my liberation will then be here, Nov. 15, 1971.

I don't want the pigs getting it cause all they do is burn it.

I dig the Outlaw, well done, did my head good.

Here are some poems, etc. I wrote last night. Please print them?

I'll be here for about 3 more issues. Don't forget me, plus about 50 other guys read it, so that's important.

Love & Peace to you all,
[Signed]
Monroe, Wash.

"The Spider and the Fly"

It's okay, said the spider to the fly.
After I eat you I'll take a good shit and the world will behold a web that will blow their minds.
and you will be a work of art.

"Night Time"

All is quiet in this prison, the only things to be heard are an occasional flush of a toilet, the dripping of water from my sink and a laugh from down the tier coming from the mouth of a man who found a little pleasure in his radio.

It is hard to believe it can be so quiet in here and so noisy out there.

"The Death Trip"

The death trip, a part of reality that we all must face in our lives.
Some of us have the strength to see it for what it is.
Others don't and we say they lost.
But some times I wonder if they really won and we are losing.

"Orange Sunshine Wish"

Give me visions of a pink dinosaur wearing tennis shoes and basketball shorts,
who plays ping-pong in a catholic church, while making eyes at the Virgin Mary.

Dear Outlaw:

I am a prisoner in the Monroe Reformatory here in the State of Wash. and a victim of the racist system at the hands of the oppressor. At no place in America is the oppression of this Capitalistic system more raw and exposed as it is here in the jails and prisons across the country.

Just recently we here at this penitentiary were allowed to possess the Outlaw and now that we are allowed I wanted to make a sincere effort to receive a copy of the Outlaw as often as possible. However I am without funds or people or friends whom I can locate from here, being as it is that I am so far from family and loved ones who are themselves deprived of funds (I am from St. Louis) and am here on a railroad job.

I would appreciate it if there were any way in which you people could help bring a little light into my little world here, whereas your beautiful paper can be enjoyed by myself and others who I would share its message with.

Yours Very Truly,
[Signed]
Monroe, Wash.

Hello Outlaw,

Just a few lines to tell you thanks for sending me your great paper. I am really diggin' on it and I know my brothers will as soon as I turn it on to them.

It is really good to get a paper that tells it like it is and that is just what your paper does.

I hope I can get some money together to pay for your paper. It's hard to do, because I am in prison and will be here for another screwed up year.

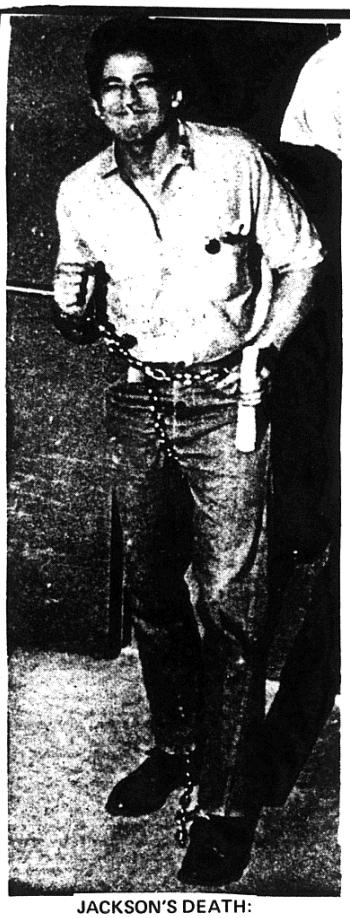
Well keep cool and don't let the pigs mess with your heads.

Peace
[Signed]
Monroe, Wash.

Mailing these papers is expensive. Readers who would like to contribute money to help us cover the costs are encouraged to do so.

GEORGE JA

"They can't harm me, because the reality is that I have nothing to lose but my chai



JACKSON'S DEATH:

A MOMENT IN SAN QUENTIN HISTORY

Nobody has done more to build consciousness about California prison conditions than George Jackson. He explained the sadism and horror of being in prison to the people outside; and he explained to his fellow inmates the conditions that have created the prisons and made them prisoners. His entire life was devoted to their common cause of liberation.

George Jackson, Soledad Brother, was killed in an alleged escape attempt on Saturday, August 21. San Quentin authorities claim that a visitor, Oakland lawyer Stephen Bingham, brought a gun to George, who then organized a prison break. Three guards were killed and two white honor prisoners were knifed to death.

Although we may not know what really happened for months, if ever, there is good reason to believe that the escape story offered by prison officials is not true. The events at San Quentin must be viewed in the light of statements made by prison officials concerning the need to segregate "dangerous" elements or "incorrigibles" from the rest of the prison population. In the words of one officer: "We just have to get rid of these bad bastards and segregate them from the rest of the inmates. . . we're going to beef up security in all buildings. Some inmates who traditionally have had more freedom within the walls may not now have it."

First of all, the prisoners themselves tell a very different story. Three days after Jackson's death, the two remaining Soledad Brothers – John Cluchette and Fleeta Drumgo – had a pretrial hearing. They brought with them an affidavit, signed by all 26 inmates of Jackson's cell block. It is the first, and to this date only, news from inside the prison.

The affidavit swears that the 26 have been held incommunicado because they all suffer from injuries inflicted by prison authorities. They further swear that "Warden Louis S. Nelson and Associate Warden James W.L. Park through their agents did, on August 21, 1971, kill one George Jackson, and conspired to murder the undersigned who refused to join in the state officials' conspiracy."

The 26 inmates say their cell doors were opened on the day Jackson died. They were ordered to come from their cells. "Thereafter gunshots or what appeared to be gunshots went off and all went into the cells in the back of same building to avoid being shot."

After the gunshots ended, the inmates were again ordered from their cells. According to their affidavit, they were ordered to strip, were hand cuffed, and "made to lay on the ground naked from approximately 4 o'clock p.m. to 10 o'clock p.m."

One inmate, Allen Mancino, complained that his handcuffs were too tight. A guard told him to shut up, then "shot part of his leg off with a rifle. There Mancino was made to lay, begging for a doctor for approximately an hour before the guard would allow him moved."

At their court hearing on August 24, Drumgo and Cluchette removed their shirts to reveal new welts and bruises. "They told me I would be dead in three days," Fleeta yelled. The audience began screaming and a tactical squad in full riot gear responded. A full-blown courtroom riot ensued.

In addition to the prisoners' affidavit, the changes in Warden Nelson's story suggest that the full truth about Jackson's death remains to be told. Saturday the press reported that Jackson began an escape attempt by producing a weapon. Sunday specified that the weapon was a gun, produced from his hair (!) during a skin search. On Monday we found out that the gun which he supposedly possessed was smuggled not in his hair, but inside a tape recorder which a visiting lawyer had had with him. We also found out about a note from George which had supposedly been intercepted and copied by the pigs. The note maps an escape plan, a theme which was elaborated on Tuesday and Wednesday to include the belated discovery that the dead guards had been found naked. This suggested that the escaping prisoners intended to exchange clothes with the guards. The scope of the plan was broadened to include perhaps hundreds of prisoners and wigs, weapons, and more notes were produced to corroborate the discovery.

In all the crossfire of stories and counter-stories, we may never know the details of how George Jackson died. His death does, however, fit a pattern of increasing tension inside San Quentin. On August 13th a fire was set in one of San Quentin's buildings; on the 14th, an officer was stabbed. The following Monday, prisoners of the "difficult" East and South blocks went on strike.

The men who presented the strike demands to prison authorities have since disappeared from the yard, probably to solitary confinement. Demands include minimum wage for work (prisoners now get $.02-$.06 per hour). Another demand was for lower prices in the canteen, where there is a 20% mark-up. Other important demands include an end to all forms of harrassment and racial intimidation, and equality of privileges in all sections.

Even before the strike, tensions had been building. On July 22, while prisoners were at work or attending various activities, the guards conducted a search of the housing units for weapons. During this search the prisoners were locked out of their cell blocks. But the guards could be seen and heard throwing, smashing and otherwise destroying musical instruments, hobby collections, family pictures, personal papers and virtually all other private possessions.

That afternoon the prisoners refused to return to work because of the destruction. They sat in the yard, "all of San Quentin, black and white side by side" in the words of one prisoner.

So behind George Jackson's death lies a tense history of escalating violence, a history which prison officials perhaps encouraged in order to shore up their power and justify a return to even harsher discipline. George Jackson's death will be useful to them for he was central organizing force in the prison community.

We are saying that there are reasons to believe that George Jackson was murdered and that the

Jack

CKSON

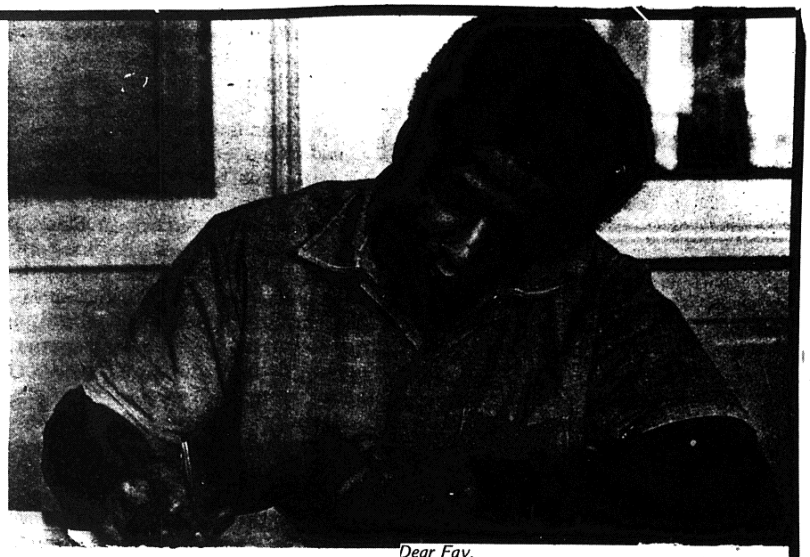
ity

ins."

action will create a situation wherein strict measures could be implemented to quell the tide of prison rebellion. To divert public sympathy from the prisoners, prison authorities have made them out to be blood-thirsty and desperate men. George Jackson's death may only mark the first battle in an all-out offensive against the men who have been making prison a birthplace for revolutionaries.

—Prepared with the help of information on San Quentin from the San Francisco Good Times

ckson's Funeral —Associated Third World Press Service



GEORGE JACKSON:

"PERHAPS I'LL SLEEP . . . SEIZE THE TIME"

George Jackson has never gotten along very well with the law.

First arrested when he was 15, he was shot six times by an LA patrolman after he and two friends were discovered attempting to remove goods from a large department store. He was sent to the Youth Authority Corrections at Paso Robles. He spent seven months there and finished tenth grade.

Six weeks after his release he was arrested again with two friends on suspicion of committing a number of robberies. The police had positively identified him with only one of the thefts. He copped the plea on one of the charges and cleared his two friends on that count. After serving several weeks in the county jail, George escaped by walking out in the place of his cellmate, who was scheduled for release.

So far, none of his crimes were major. All were crimes against property – property which black men seldom own and have little reason to respect.

In 1960 George was accused of another minor theft – $70 from a gas station. But this time the sentence far outbalanced the crime. George accepted a deal with the DA – agreeing to confess and spare the county court costs in return for a light sentence. When the time came for sentencing he was tossed into the penetentiary with one year to life – the famous indeterminate sentence. He was eighteen years old then, and he never left prison again except for court appearances.

George Jackson was one of the Soledad Brothers, along with John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo. The three were accused of killing a prison guard at Soledad prison. The guard was allegedly thrown off a catwalk in retaliation for the deaths of three black inmates who had been gunned down in the prison yard by a guard firing from a tower.

His seventeen year old brother Jonathan was the one who brought the guns into the courtroom in last year's famous Marin County incident, where Jonathan and two prisoners as well as the judge died. Ruchell Magee, one of the prisoners involved in the escape attempt, is charged with the murder of the judge. Angela Davis is charged with the murder as well as with supplying the guns.

Now that George Jackson is dead, it is a temptation to dwell on how he died. Musing about his life, your thoughts always seem to come back to that last day. You want the gnawing questions to be certainties. You want to shout, he was murdered.

But to dwell on his death is to miss his life, and what it means: growing up black in America, the law and who it serves; property: who has it and who doesn't; how prison either breaks a man or makes him a revolutionary.

George Jackson left behind a book, called *Soledad Brother: The Prison Letters of George Jackson* (Bantam Books). He speaks of these things:

Dear Fay,

The maximum security section destroys the logical processes of the mind, a man's thoughts become completely disorganized. The noise, madness streaming from every throat, frustrated sounds from the bars, metallic sounds from the walls, the steel trays, the iron beds bolted to the wall, the hollow sounds from a cast-iron sink or toilet.

When a white con leaves here he's ruined for life. No black leaves Max Row walking. Either he leaves on the meat wagon or he leaves crawling licking at the pig's feet. . .

Nothing has improved, nothing has changed in weeks. We're on the same course, the blacks are fast losing the last of their restraints. Growing numbers of blacks are openly passed over when paroles are considered. They have become aware that resistance is actually possible. The holds are beginning to slip away.

Very few men imprisoned for economic crimes or even crimes of passion against the oppressor feel that they are really guilty. Most of today's black convicts have come to understand that they are the most abused victims of an unrighteous order. Up until now, the prospect of parole has kept us from confronting our captors with any real determination. But now, with the living conditions deteriorating, and with the sure knowledge that we are slated for destruction, we have been transformed into an implacable army of liberation.

Some people are going to get killed out of this situation that is growing. That is not a warning (or wishful thinking). I see it as an "unavoidable consequence" of placing and leaving control of our lives in the hands of men like Reagan.

This jail brings out the very best in brothers or destroys them entirely. But none are unaffected. None who leave are normal. If I leave here alive, I'll leave nothing behind. They'll never count me among the broken men, but I can't say that I am normal either. I've been hungry too long. I've gotten angry too often. I've been lied to and insulted too many times.

They've pushed me over the line from which there can be no retreat. I KNOW that they will not be satisfied until they've pushed me out of this existence altogether. I've been the victim of so may racist attacks that I could never relax again. My reflexes will never be normal again, I'm like a dog that has gone through the K-9 process.

This is not the first attempt the institution (camp) has made to murder me. It is the most determined, but not the first. I look into myself at the close of every one of these pretrial days for any changes that may have taken place. I can still smile now, after ten years of blocking knife thrusts and pick handles of faceless sadistic pigs, of anticipating and reacting for ten years, seven of them in solitary. I can still smile sometimes, but by the time this thing is over I may not be a nice person. And I just lit my seventy-seventh cigarette of this twenty-one hour day. I'm going to lay down for two or three hours, perhaps I'll sleep. . .

Seize the time.

HERE WE HAVE YER FORMER COMMUNITY CENTER

Destroyed, despite community action to save it as a place to provide activities and services to area residents.

H. S. L. F.

Summer's over and its back into the halls for another year of school, but this year will be different. The High School Liberation Front will be building a student movement and dealing with the problems of high school oppression.

Starting in September the HSLF will publish its paper, "The Liberator", in an attempt to keep people informed on what's happening so the administrators can't pull their tricks in the dark. We have changed the name of the paper from "Weed" to "The Liberator" in order to emphasize the change in outlook of the Front. Last year the "Weed" mistook social and cultural ideas for political theories, and worked mainly within one social group. This year, however, "The Liberator" will work on serving all the students and will base its ideology on political attitudes rather than personal differences.

Along with publishing "The Liberator" the HSLF will distribute various revolutionary papers and books, including pamphlets written by local high school students on local problems

The Front will conduct political education classes every Sunday and still meets with those interested in organizing at their school. We are also trying to develop a draft counseling service for all the brothers who are getting close to registration age. We will also arrange film showing on various topics.

This year the Front will be involved with other groups developing survival programs centered in neighborhoods around the city. These programs will be aimed at serving basic needs: food, clothing, shelter, and health care. The HSLF is supporting these programs because we realize the high schools are not isolated from the neighborhoods and so we must involve ourselves in programs serving not only high school students but the community as a whole.

Anyone who wants to join the Front or to work on "The Liberator" should contact a member at his school or write us at P.O. Box 14205, St. Louis, Mo. 63116. You can also call 832-5978.

—High School Liberation Front

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Our office is located at 554 Limit, at Delmar. (Do not send mail to this address.)

To be considered for publication, articles and letters must carry the signature and phone number of the author, but names will be withheld on request.

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Who

On August 23, the city council of University City met for what might have been mistaken as the usual tedious bureaucratic formality. The meeting might have followed the agenda schedule of business complaints and street widening proposals, had it not been for the unusually large number of local residents present. The room at the top of city hall was filled with older and younger people who had a lot of unscheduled complaints. Only after 2/3 of the meeting had gone by, and many people had been bored into leaving, was the main issue finally brought up. A man named Mr. Green stood up and demanded that the "hippies" be thrown out of the Delmar parking lot area.

The seriousness of what then happened must be seen in the light of recent local events and the structure of the U. City Loop area. For several months now, the Outlaw has reported the growing use of the "Delmar Strip" as a hangout for younger people. A handful of businesses have developed on the street particularly geared to young persons, such as a pizza house (Gabby's), a natural foods restaurant (Our Daily Bread), the Magic Lantern Cinema, a Dairy Queen, a head shop, and a chain of Boutiques. With these businesses supposedly serving young people, coupled with the fact that there is no place to go where people can get together without big brother's eye on them, or spending a lot of money, the parking lot in the loop is an obvious place for a hangout.

There is one other point. The Loop area is virtually owned and controlled by a few powerful real estate companies and local landowner's associations. Together or separately, these organizations wield the power of the almighty dollar in city government and the threat of eviction over area tenants. Certain real estate companies are prominent in the area and notorious all over St. Louis for high rents, poor upkeep of buildings, abuses of tenants, racial discrimination, and discrimination against students, young people in general and alternative instutions.

All of this can be said of Supreme Management.

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Controls The Loop?

People hanging out and making noise is a very minor problem here. As a matter of fact, the Delmar street scene is pretty light; a few bikers, some regular street people, and a large proportion of people:ljust looking for something to do. There is definitely a need for a place where people can go and be together, both old and young. But in the Loop and the West End of St. Louis many other services are needed as desperately. The landlords seem to forget the black residents, the old tenants, and the young alike when it comes to developing vitally necessary services. For a year now, Community Collectives, Inc., a volunteer local group of residents and people hwo want to help, has been trying to develop a free medical clinic, a day care center, a food co-operative, a coffee house, a free store, and other community oriented,lcommunity run services. They have met active opposition every step of the way, from the city council, Parkview Gardens Association, and Supreme Management Corp. Supreme refused to rent a storefront from which the group could begin to provide some services. Parkview Gardens Association denied their support to the group because they couldn't get control of its community-based operations. And just at the end of August, the building planned to be the new Community Center, after having been actively bargained over for more than a year, was demolished. Rather than give the structure, or even sell it under reasonable conditions to the community, Land Clearance and the City Council payed to have it destroyed.

When confronted with the immediate need to do something about the young people - noise problem, and the persistent need for the other services, the obvious choice seemed to be to help develop these community programs. Councilwoman Harriet Woods stated what seemed to be a summation of the Council's thoughts: "Look, why don't you come up with some concrete solutions. Not just 'Give us a building.' Something concrete." And while you chew on that, Mayor Kauffman,when pressed for action from all present, would only say over and over that "if the noise problem gets worse" they'd send in the cops. Not once did the City Councilseemto see anything deeper than the fact that several area residents and a powerful lawyer/landowner were complaining about noise.

Meanwhile, Mr. Green (and everyone else) was getting upset. Green began to shout out every few minutes, though someone else had been called on to speak, that what he wanted was a definite decision. The City Council has been sitting on this for months. The area residents want decisions too. However, many of them realize that no decision the City government makes will provide them with the right kind of community services. These services grow out of a collective community consciousness, and in order to survive they can't just be given and taken ready-made The Council made no decision except to use the police as a check. But the busts began almost immediately. The first ones were on a couple of smack pushers and no one was very upset, but as they continue, people are talking about action and getting together.

It stands to reason that the first person to raise his voice against the rising number of young people in the area was Mr. Green, the lawyer from Supreme Management. As he began to speak, his voice was quiet and rational - "I'm not trying to blame any particular group or type of person," he said, and went right on to elaborate on who he was talking about; "I call them "hippies" for lack of anything better." As Green continued both he and the audience grew more angry. As he concluded, in a fit of complaints and threats, the younger U. City residents were either outraged at his arguments or laughing at the ridiculous ideas he put forth. Unfortunately, his suggestions were not at all funny. They were quite severe. His idea of a "compromise" among area residents to solve the "problem" was to bring in the police and to "shut the parking lot totally to these people." A resident got up and asked Mr. Green to tell everyone where *he* lived, since everyone else was required to do so. Green shouted at the council that it didn't matter – that he didn't live in the area, but, "I own 10 million dollars worth of property there!"

It must be said at this point that there *is* a problem around the parking lots, just as there is all over the city. Young people gather there in pretty large numbers on weekends and the noise level and littering of the streets has become a pain the neck for people in nearby apartments who want to sleep. Many older tenants feel unsafe, and however founded or unfounded this feeling of insecurity may be, there has been little or no effort made by the young people to give them another impression. As a result, the older residents have resorted to the only tactic they can see, more police enforcement of more laws.

At the city council meeting several senior citizens and some younger people complained violently about the problem, one breaking out in tears. Despite the sincerity of their own complaints, not one seemed to care what happened to the people on the street. One lady, president of the Parkview Gardens Association, a rich and locally powerful landlord association, said that police should be used to clear the streets and that some of the street people belonged in zoos. She was wearing a dress covered with peace symbols! Several younger local residents told the council why there was a need for a place for people to gather and said that they had witnessed few troubles there, outside of trouble involving the police. All in all it seems like a hopeless deadlock. But it isn't.

Community Collectives is still trying to devolop the programs mentioned. It has obtained office space and will soon be moving in at 554 Limit. Residents, people who want to help, or donations should be arranged with them. However, a Community Center is not an instant solution to the problem of people hanging out, or people in the community just plain being afraid of each other. The center would provide a place to go, unhindered by a cop looking over your shoulder, and more importantly would begin to develop the sense of sharing and community that is needed to ease such tensions between neighbors.

Moving on that idea, residents organized a Street Festival on August 29. Trying to bring people together with a theme of "friendly awareness, " activities were provided for all groups of the area. Many people showed up and were "friendly" and "aware" of each other for a day. The next day was business as usual. Permanent institutions to bring us together so we can serve each other and ourselves are what is needed. There's a seed growing. m from astute outsiders should not be cause of alarm-- they are not the enemy.

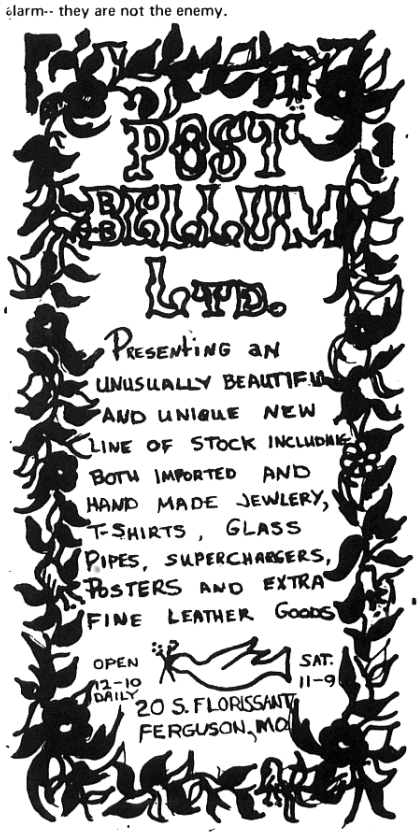
people's school '71

People's School '71 is getting ready to organize the fall session. We are in need of more people interested in organizing courses.

People's School is free. It is free to anyone wishing to organize a course in anything. It is free to anyone who wishes to attend any course. It is free of credits, examinations, age restrictions and tuition.

Brochures can be sent to anyone interested in requesting one. They are generally distributed in a variety of institutions and businesses. All kinds of courses have been offered with great success such as philosophies, creative writing, languages, arts and crafts, theatre, aspects of education, auto mechanics, law for the layman and many others.

If you are interested in organizing a course or in learning more about PS. '71 call 993-0847 or 991-4845 or 721-3410. Courses are held in homes or arrangements can be made to use other facilities.



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SANTANA

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Sept. 30
7:30 p.m.

St. Louis Arena

Tickets $3.50 $4.50 $5.50

CORE

The St. Louis Congress of Racial Equality announced on August 23 a boycott of three St. Louis firms. General American Life Insurance Co. and the Seven-Up Co. are being boycotted after an investigation of their hiring practices. The third company being boycotted is Mr. T's Rental, 6189 Delmar, which has consistently practiced economic exploitation of poor blacks in the inner-city through its exorbitant rental practices. CORE plans to distibute 100,000 handbills in the black community announcing the boycott; radio spots will also be used. People are urged to file complaints against Mr. T's at the CORE office on Easton (or call 367-4066).

The Seven-Up Company has 250 employees, 15 of whom are Black. These figures apply to the Seven-Up Co. itself and not the local bottling plant, which is a seperate company. CORE regrets "that this boycott will directly effect the local distributor who has demonstrated a willingness to hire Blacks but feels that the inequity existing in the parent company must be eradicated." As the Outlaw goes to press CORE has told us that their discussions with Seven-Up are encouraging.

The General American Life Insurance Company has approximately 1000 employees, one hundred of whom are Blac: The bulk of these jobs are in the clerical category. Very few if any are in a managerial or supervisory capacity. St. Louis CORE has attempted to negotiate with General American for over a year. During that time they have consistantly refused to modify their hiring policies. For this reason CORE is asking the Black Community to boycott General American Life Insurance.

In order to boycott General American Life in the most effective way pressure must be applied to buisinesses which buy group life insurance from them. Among these businesses are McDonnell-Douglass, Anheuser-Busch and the Human Development Corporation. Pressure will also have to be put on the men who own and run General American Life; men who controll St. Louis and many of the corporations which buy their group life insurance from General American. The Chairman of the Board of Directors is Fredrick Peirce. He is also on the boards of Anheiser-Busch, Alton Box Board, General Steel, McDonnell-Douglas, St. Louis U., Washington U. and the United Fund. Other directors of General American Life are August A. Busch, Maurice Chambers (head of Interco) and Harold Thayer (head of Mallinskrodt). All of these men work to design St. Louis' future through "Civic Progress".

Peirce said his company considered the boycott unwarranted and inappropriate. He said his company was an equal oppotunity employer and that its employment policies were embodied in a written program of affirmative action on file with the Social Security Administration.

"It is to this Government agency, not to a limited private group like CORE, that we respond for the detailed analysis of our equal employment performance," Peirce said. "In light of the fact that 19.2 per cent of General American Life's home office staff of over 1000 men and women are members of minority groups and that 25.6 per cent of the people we employed here during the fiscal year ending June 30 have been blacks, we consider the intervention of CORE in this phase of our business to be neither warranted nor appropriate."

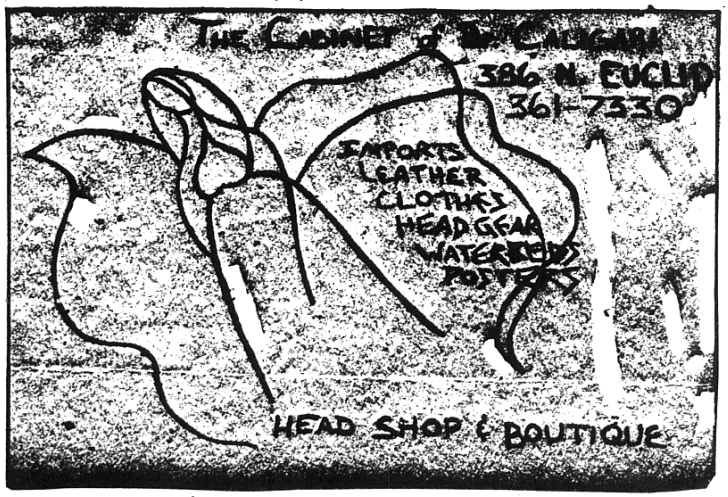
At this time CORE has also resumed its boycott of Mr. T's Rental. This boycott differs from the other because it is aimed at the exploitation of the Black Community by Mr. T's. CORE's investigation revealed that Mr. T's operates a chain of stores that do 95 per cent of all their business in the Black Community. It is a T.V. and stereo rental firm that provides its customers with an option to buy the rented equipment. In this way it is possible for them to sell items at more than three times their retail value. For instance a $200.00 T.V. rented and then purchased from Mr. T's could cost the buyer more than $600.00. A $600.00 color T.V. could cost $2000.00, and a $300.00 stereo could cost $900.00. These types of contracts are designed to "rip off" those who can least afford it- poor people who cannot get credit elsewhere. Perhaps the reason they connot get credit at more legitimate businesses is because they might occassionally be late on their payments. When this happens at Mr. T's they are subject to harrassment, intimidation, forfeitures of both equipment and equlty paid into the equipment. CORE has had complaints that strong-arm tatics have been used

Civil Rights Activist Gets 20 Years

Oscar Mitchell, a job coordinator for CORE, was recently convicted of a violation of the Hobbs Act, which is making threats against a business which is engaged in interstate commerce. His jail sentence comes from trying to fight the racism and economic exploitation of Mr. T's. Mitchell was sentenced to the maximum of twenty years by the local federal court, he is currently out on appeal.

Last winter, demands were made upon Mr. T's that a black manager be employed, because of the exploitation of the black people by this white-owned firm. The demands for the employment of blacks are unpopular, especially when white people are employed in these jobs. The government can always take the position that the black individual was not needed in the firm, which was the charge in the indictment. The other charge was that there was a demand for $1000.00 for payment to the educational fund of CORE. It was the defendant's position that he never demanded or asked for this money, but merely responded to a request by the television rental service as to what they could do for the Black Community.

It should also be understood that this indictment was brought during an atmosphere when CORE was engaged in civil rights boycotts of Busch products in the St. Louis area, which boycotts apparently were effective in the black area, and also, there was considerable unfavorable publicity in both major newspapers against these boycotts. Anheuser Busch is a large industrial firm in the St Louis area, exercises great public appeal, and also owns the St. Louis Baseball Cardinals.



PUERTO RICO

'Suspect everybody, said Puerto Rico's fire chief to anxious members of San Juan's chamber of commerce. He said 'terrorism' will increase in the next month because the annual conference of governors from the 50 states and U.S. territories is scheduled to be held in Puerto Rico. Most of the bombings that have occurred are against U.S.-owned businesses...In the last three months the government has ruthlessly razed or put to the torch 14 squatter communities, leaving hundreds of families homeless. Gov. Luis Ferre says the Puerto Rican Independence party has 'instigated' the squat-ins and is trying to create a crisis in the government. The PIP, on the other hand, points out 189 families of middle and upper incomes have built summer cottages in the south coast fishing village of La Parguera on public land–and Ferre has not moved against these people.

SAINTS

The elders of the village of St. John seem resigned to living with Spider & Mr. Moke's Head Shop, 8848 St. Charles Rock Road. At the August 23 meeting, the Board of Trustees pretty much agreed that there wasn't much they could do about the place.

The St. John attorney, David McMahon, explained one of the problems with the U.S. Constitution: if you pass a law regulating certain conduct or regulating a business, it has to apply to everyone. Thus the village could not pass a law designed solely to put Spider & Moke's out of business.

McMahon said the head shop is operating "with the purview of the Law." He added that all the St. John police have been in the place and that the county vice squad had had it under surveillance.

The point of contention had shifted from complaints by the neighboring pharmacist, to the question of obscene posters. Apparently, all that will result from the druggist's gripes will be the installation of a new parking meter.

Several trustees were certain that some of the posters were pornographic. Since St. John has no obscenity ordinance, the state would have to bring any such charges against the head shop. This would be the job of County Prosecutor Gene McNary.

Trustee JosephWalter, who thinks that Spider & Moke are selling pornographic posters, moved that McNary be contacted to see if he also thinks they are pornographic. The motion passed unanimously.

Other perplexing problems were discussed at the meeting. One of these included a request by Brock Oldsmobile to erect a new sign on its lot. It seems that General Motors is requiring dealers to use the new signs, which are larger that St. John permits. Brock will need special approval from the trustees to put the sign up. One trustee made the stirring statement: "GM isn't so big that they can't be voted down."

Gypsy Cowboy
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RAID ON UNITED FRONT

Following the recent raid on the headquarters of the East St Louis Black United Front, 2 members of the KDNA radio staff went to East St Louis and recorded interviews with spokesmen for the Front and with Illinois State Trooper Delaney, who led the raid. This report is based on these interviews.

About four weeks ago the United Front and Black Egyptians of East St. Louis gave a press conference pertaining to the so called power struggle between the two organizations. The groups denied any such power struggle, because they are now operating as one group. They also brought to the attention of the press and the community, the rumors that the center and private homes would be raided and members of the organizations arrested. Approximately two or three weeks following the press conference, those rumors became a reality. The first raid was staged by the St. Clair County Sheriff Dept, supposedly without the knowledge of Sheriff O'neal. A complaint was given to O'neal and he promised in the future the law would be followed down to the letter if he had anything to do with it.

Monday Aug. 23 – The United Front, Black Egyptians center in East St. Louis was once again illegally raided by combined forces of Illinois State Police, Saint Clair County Sheriffs Department, and East St. Louis City Police. They were armed to the teeth. With 25 cars and one paddy wagon they converged on the headquarters, completely surrounding the building. Without warning, tear gas was fired into the building, and only then did they shout "come out."

The raid was conducted by Illinois State police with Illinois State policeman Terry Delange as the officer in charge of the vicious, unprovoked attack. Their excuse was that they were seeking three alleged fugitives, whom they felt were hiding in the headquarters – Paul Latham, Richard Perry, and Louis Norton. All of these brothers are known to work on 14th and Broadway (approx. one mile away from the center located at 329 N. 8th St.). Latham's car was parked behind the center. State policemen had the headquarters and Latham's car under constant surveillance and knew he was not driving it. Delange had prior knowledge that the three brothers were not in the building. The warrants for Latham, Perry, and Norton were not signed by a judge and therefore were not valid. But this did not stop Delange from executing the plans of Robert Rice, Illinois State Attorney whose plan it is to murder, imprison or make fugitives out of the comrades who dare to struggle for freedom.

Meanwhile, only some women of the welfare Rights Organization and several members of United Front and Black Egyptians with their children occupied the building. There was no warning! The first sound heard was the sound (like shots) of tear gas being fired into the basement. There were three women (one of them six-months pregnant) and two children in the basement at the time. Mrs. Cynthia Macon was changing her 7 month old daughter Erica's diapers. She took her baby upstairs and as she was coming out they began tear gassing the upstairs, right into the baby's face. She then went across the street where the pigs took the diaper pins saying they were weapons. The baby was x-rayed, and the x-rays showed there is still tear gas in her lungs although it is not affecting her now.

When all the occupants were cleared, the authorities proceeded to fire more tear gas. The gas was military CS. They entered the building, throwing papers and equipment around, in a so-called search for the three brothers. They recovered three rifles which were legally registered. Frank Smith (Minister of Defense of the Black Egyptians and Chairman of the United Front, East St. Louis) said no one had ever seen the sawed-off shotgun reportedly found in the building.

Also involved in the conspiracy was the phone company. After the first shot a brother tried to make a phone call and found the lines jammed. Also, Frank Smith tried to call into the office and could not get through. All of this, – the raids on the center and private homes, trumped up charges on the people in the organization – is part of the conspiracy to destroy the organization.

As to the whereabouts of Latham, Norton, or Perry, Frank Smith said they didn't know but that the people of the community may very well know because they realize the men are serving the needs of the community.

Protests have come from all the organizations and people of the community, including the mayor. A very effective boycott was carried out Saturday of the downtown area in honor of Rev. Koen's water fast, and in protest of George Jackson's assassination and the attack of the center.

All Power to the People
St. Louis Committee to Combat Fascism

On Aug 23 a combination of Illinois state troopers, St Clair county sheriff's police, and East St Louis cops staged a raid on the offices of the Black United Front (UF) of East St Louis. The alleged reason for the raid was an attempt to arrest 3 members of the UF wanted for armed robbery and for questioning, regarding the murder of a man and woman in Sauget, Illinois, earlier this summer.

Members of the UF deny that any of the 3 suspects being sought--Richard Perry, Paul Latham, and Louis Norton--were in the offices when the raid took place. In addition, they said that no arrest warrants were shown or read to them by any of the officers participating in the raid. Delaney and friends had no search warrant and justified the invasion of Front offices solely on the basis of Latham's car being parked in front of the building.

Delaney claims that he had been tailing Latham earlier in the day while the warrants were being obtained. At one point, according to Delaney, Latham had forced Delaney's car to the curb and shouted at him abusively, 'Get all the pigs you can because...we're gonna be boarded up at our office at 14th and Broadway and we're gonna kill as many pigs as we can and you, you blue-eyed blankety-blank, are gonna be the first.' Delaney said he then called for support and proceeded to the UF offices where the raid took place. (See accompanying story, which suggests that Latham wasn't driving his car.)

The UF spokesman indicated that between 200 and 250 cops from all east side jurisdictions (state, county and city) took part in the raid. They spotted 'at least' 6 unmarked cars which appeared to carry Illinois Bureau of Investigation (IBI) agents. Delaney indicated the number of officers participating to be 20 'at most', including police-community relations officers, and said that IBI did not participate in the raid.

The UF told KDNA that approximately 10 tear gas grenades were fired into the building (breaking most of the windows) without warning; that this barrage was unwarranted (no firearms are kept at Front headquarters); that an army of cops was prepared outside--with submachine guns, Thompson machine guns, shotguns, and a wide array of automatic weapons aimed at the house.

Delaney insisted that upon arrival one officer saw a man in the doorway with a sawed-off shotgun; that 4 loaded guns were seen on a table thru a side window (how did he know they were loaded?); that ample warning was given to the occupants of the house, who were asked to clear the building; and that 'all' women and children left the building. Delaney further claimed that he had a conversation with one of the suspects, 'Squirrel' Perry, who shouted down the stairs to Delaney, 'You pigs are gonna have to kill us to take us in.' It was at this point that Delaney threatened to use tear gas to 'insure the safety of all concerned.'

Apparently, Delaney's guess that all women and children had left the building was incorrect—one baby was hospitalized for being gassed and many bystanders were overcome by tear gas fumes. Delaney also had a little difficulty identifying the voice that shouted down the stairs (if this happened at all), because none of the suspects were found in the building. How did Richard Perry manage to escape if he was in the building?

Delaney claimed that no damage was done other than the tear gassing. The UF declared that most of the windows in the building were broken; that all of the UF's office machinery was destroyed or confiscated; and that several of the 6 brothers who who were arrested (and never charged) were roughed up. Delaney dismissed the arrests as 'necessary to clearing the way to make the arrests of Latham, Perry, and Norton.'

One final discrepancy involves the role of the news media in the raid. The UF said that local TV crews (someone thought they were from KMOX) arrived at the same time the cops did, meaning they were tipped by the cops. Their cars were unmarked, they wore no distinguishing media insignia, and they wouldn't produce press cards. There has been some feeling that the press were actually IBI agents, as there have been instances of I-men impersonating TV newsmen documented in the *Chicago Journalism Review*. It was learned from a KMOX employee, however, that a KMOX film crew was at the raid as a result of an advance tip. Since the film footage from this assignment never made KMOX news, we can assume it was either seized by eastside lawmen or given to them by KMOX.

All these contradictions make it difficult to determine what the raid really involved. But there are some other indications that might shed some light on the matter. First of all, this was not the only raid on the UF offices-- there was an earlier one staged by the county sheriff and one several days later directed by East St Louis Police. East side lawmen are beginning to wage a war of harrassment against the UF. Secondly, all 3 of those wanted for armed robbery work for the United Black Workers of America (UBWA), which has been pressuring local construction companies to hire more blacks and which is closely allied with the UF. This raises the possibility that local businessmen, especially contractors, have put pressure on the police department to harrass UF and UBWA.

East St Louis Mayor James Williams also attended the raid on invitation and was adamant that the whole operation was illegal, violating the constitutional rights of UF members. Williams has pledged to help the Front by seeing that its office machines are repaired or replaced and its building repaired. Whether Mayor Williams makes good on this problem remains to be seen. But perhaps a more immediate task for Mayor Williams would be to take action to assure his black brothers and sisters that there will be no repeat of the anti-UF raids and no more harrassment of UF members by East St Louis cops.

FREIGHT HOPPIN'

Liberation News Service –

Next time you're stuck in the rain in Juarez and it's Eastertime too, you might want to try the tracks. Jumping boxcars isn't always easy. It can be physically demanding and dangerous, too. But if the weather is nice, a boxcar ride can't be beat.

Travel light. The less you carry, the better because you are going to run alongside moving trains, toss your pack into open boxcars, and dive in after it. You have to be in good physical shape: a boxcar floor is about five feet off the ground and you may have to run the length of the train to find one that's open.

Now there's just one thing you really have to worry about with boxcars. And you do have to worry. A boxcar door cannot be opened from the inside. If a door closes on you, it's curtains. Who knows when they'll open it up and find out what's inside?

Trains are always slamming around. Check your door. Get to know your door. If it's stiff, wedge a piece of wood in so it can't close. Be sure the wood doesn't shake out from all the rattling. If the door slides easily, I sit there and stay awake all night.

At larger yards trains are broken up and remade. A string of cars is pushed to the top of a hill and rolled down the other side onto various spurs and slammed into other strings to make up new trains. It's called "humping" and aside from being an acutely unpleasant experience from the inside, it'll slam your door shut for sure. Always get off before the humping begins.

Don't get the idea that boxcars are a bad bet. If you watch out for the door, they're the best bet of all – you're well sheltered and well concealed. But if the boxcars are all closed and the train is picking up steam, catch what you can – a gondola, a flatcar, whatever.

Each car has a handle and a small ladder at both ends. If you don't know what I'm talking about, go look at a train. Grab the handle on the forward end of the car, the end in the direction the train is moving. Grab for all you're worth and then haul yourself up after. Make sure you've got a good hand grip before you put your foot on the iron rung of the ladder.

The reason for climbing on at the front end is that if you miss and swing back, you'll slam into the body of the boxcar and, hopefully, fall away from the train. If you try this number on the rear end and miss, you go right into the wheels of the next car.

If you get on a string of open gondolas (the kind they use to carry coal), you can work your way forward to the first one. A boxcar in fron of a gondola will act as a windbreak, and you will need it come nightfall. If you have to ride a gondola, make sure it's empty. Trains slam around and loads shift. Don't get mashed.

Piggyback truck carriers – flatcars with truck trailers on top – are good in a pinch. Curl up by the tires and pretend you're not there. It works sometimes. Just make sure the trailer unit isn't refrigerated or you may wind up poisoned by odorless exhaust fumes.

There are a few cars that common sense should keep you away from. Don't fool around with cars marked with purple warnings of radioactivity and death.

Once you're on a train moving out, you've got it made. Your worst enemies will be fatigue and exposure. Carrying lots of high-energy food and a good supply of water will keep your body going, but sometimes you just can't keep out of the weather. A warm, lightweight sleeping bag can save you no end of pain.

Freight trains have a particular grime about them that will turn your clothes black and your skin filthy in just a day. Carry soap. A good idea is always to carry all your things with you. If you jump off for a minute to run to that corner grocery, your boxcar may not be there when you return.

Jumping off a rolling train can be fun, too. I was knocked cold in Oklahoma because I tried it while the train was still going pretty fast, so wait until it slows down Then lean out and down as far as you can, again from the forward end. Step out and away and let go. You got to do it smooth and fast, and look before you leap.

One other thing you've got to know about is yards. The big yard is where you'll run into the most trouble. Watch out for office-looking types (white shirts or blue uniforms, clipboards). They won't help you. Railroad cops will roust you out and maybe give you some static, but usually they just kick you out of the yards. The answer to that is either to go back on a highway or run down the tracks past the yards and catch your train on the run as it rolls out.

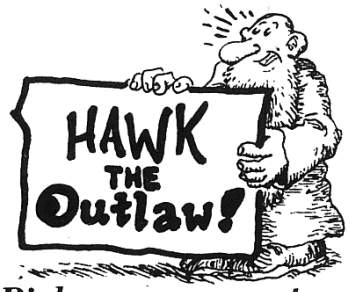
That can get hairy. If the train is going too fast when you try to jump it, you may wind up rather bloody. You should know what your own body is capable of doing. If the train is going faster than you feel comfortable with, forget it.

You can also find your best friends in a yard. Most of the railroad workers like switchmen and the guys who go around bleeding the airbrakes are friendly, I've found, and not a bit fazed by long hair. Don't be afraid to approach them and ask about "hot shot" trains going your way. "Hot shots" are trains that don't make too many stops, and the workers will usually tell you when they'll be coming along. You may even find that many of them will knock off work just to help you find a good car. Their advice is priceless and precise, so pay it mind and save yourself a lot of grief. If you are timid about dealing with moving trains, these people can give you the extra boost you need.

When your train pulls through the yard, watch out for the yard tower. Stay out of their sight if you can. Keep your gear in a corner and stand against the wall. At night they'll have big lights burning. Inspectors stand there and examine the train as it rolls by. They're worried mostly about theft, so if they do catch you, they'll probably let you off with a scowl, but if you force yourself into their field of vision, they may stop the train or radio ahead. You may want to avoid Union Pacific and Santa Fe altogether – two companies that bust everybody they can.

One more word of warning. Trains is trains. Tons and tons of heartless metal. If you get squished one way or another, don't expect the train to bat an eye. You gotta look out for yourself. Think through every move and don't try to be what you aren't. If two inches is all you can jump, two inches is all you can jump. Moving boxcars are not for you.

But if you do hop a freight, you'll get to see America from a unique perspective honored in fable and song. I've hitchhiked and rode freight trains all over the country for a few years now, and if it's a long haul, I'd rather grab a boxcar than walk that lonesome mile.



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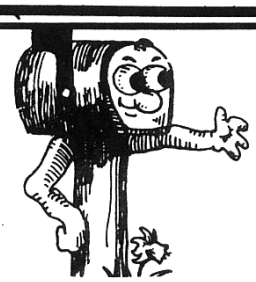

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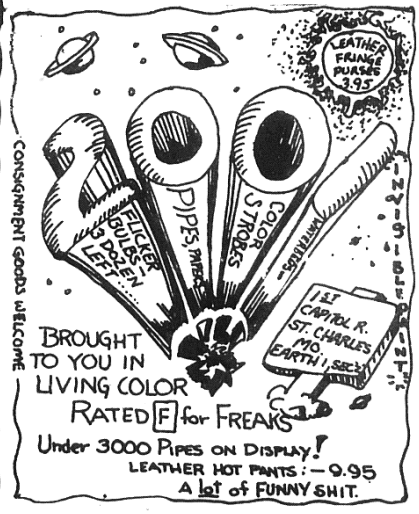

LISTEN WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU, MAN...

Its about 9:00 when Gene Stokes usually strolls into Gabby's Pizza. There's a lot of his friends around cause Gene is pretty well known. Most everybody who has hung out there knows Gene, at least by reputation, as one of the biggest dope dealer-pushers around. Everything and anything to make a buck, and no lie, Gene has had some bread to throw around. But Gene ain't commin' round nowhere nomore. Because Friday, September 3, after 16 years in this world, Gene o.d.'d on morphine. When the ambulance finally arrived, he was found in the bathtub of an Eastgate apartment. The people who had been there with him when he went unconscious had all split except for one girl who called the ambulance. No one knew what to do, and so another brother is dead. Not only could no one help him then,but for all the time he was getting himself and his brothers and sisters into that death trip, no one who could, would help him. Now that Gene is dead and the police have plenty of sensationalistic photos, we can expect the city to proceed to "clean up the area". For some time officials and others have been screaming about freaks and people hanging out in the area. They have mostly called for police action and there's little doubt that they'll jump at this chance to say I told you so.

The first thing for all of us to remember is that this is our problen, not one that can be solved by the man or his repression. Well, alot of people are taking downers so people should hip themselves to how to deal with people who O.D. on them.

The first thing here is don't take downers to begin with. If you or your friends do (some fools feel they can't live without them) then never take bathroom downers because you never know whats in them. You can usually tell the bathtub variety by the fact that there are no markings on them (no drug company name). Also, if you take 2 pills and don't get high--you know you've been ripped off already so don't get ripped off completely by taking any more.

The second thing is what to do when someone O.D.'s. DON'T desert the brother or sister! They need all the help they can get! Don't give them any more dope of any kind--no speed ,no reefer--nothing. Now if someone has taken an overdose they will probably let you know that something is wrong. If a brother at a party says' I feel like I'm dying' don't just get into it with a "wow, man, what's it like?." Deal with it. Try to keep them awake. They might forget to breathe so keep reminding them that they've got to. Talk to them, even if they don't know what you're saying and can't talk back you'll know they are responding if they can look at you and even grunt once in a while. Sometimes the only way to get their attention is to clap and say things to get them mad. Also , get them up and walking. They probably won't be able to walk, but make them try. They will probably throw up and have stomach cramps. If they seem to be responding try to get them to throw up to get the stuff out of their system. Be sure the vomit is clear from their nose and mouth or they'll suffocate. Roll them on their stomach and wipe their nose and mouth. Watch that their tongue doesn't roll back into their throat. Treat for SHOCK. Prop up their feet and keep them warm with a blanket. Make sure that their blood can circulate freely. If their eyes roll back, or if they have a fever, or if they are not responding to you, GET THEM TO A HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY!

When you get to the hospital emergency room you should explain that the person took an overdose and has to have their stomach pumped. After they pump the stomach they should have a gluclose I.V. If the people in the emergency room don't do it--tell them they should.

There are some things to know about the law. It is not illegal to O.D. (it is illegal to carry the drugs so make sure you and the person with you are clean.) This doesn't mean that you won't get hassled by the the hospital staff or the pig on duty, it means be cool--they can't bust you.(you don't know where they got the downers)

Learning what to do with people who O.D. is dealing with a problem but it doesn't solve the problem. The way to stop people from taking downers may be to help them see something to live for.

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THE SPEC SHOP

The average optician's store is a real drag, right? Of course we're right. It's usually a dull, dry, nowhere trip with very little fashion, if any, an equally discouraging lack of selection, and the guy behind the counter isn't much to shout about either because he really doesn't understand why you don't want horn-rimmed cheaters with tortoise shell frames.

The Spec Shop, however, is not the average optician's store. We have hundreds of exciting, mind-blasting frames and lenses that are an absolute joy to see the world through. Frames you can touch and feel. Frames you can try on and love. And what's more, there is no one to bother you until you've got a question that needs answering and even then it's no bother – not to us.

At the Spec Shop you can find sunglasses or funglasses or have your ophthalmologist's prescription filled with the kind of flawless accuracy you should expect from professionals.

Bring it on in. We're here from ten until seven weekdays and Saturday until four.

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HERE YA HAVE YER DOPE SCOPE

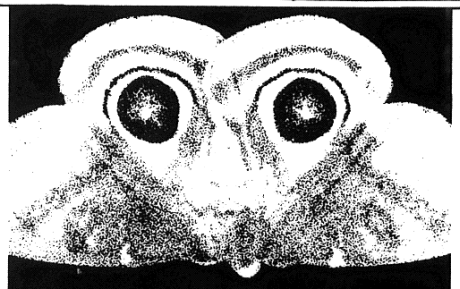
As the fall moves in and the campuses are filled, more stuff should be comming in. But right now things are just beginning to pick up. As usual, people should remember to "Know your Dealer" and to always try a J from the lid yer buying. People in the Sulivan, Bourbon, Cuba, St. James, and Rolla Mo. areas should watch out. A massive "sieze and search" campaign is going on. At least two grass busts this last August weekend. stuff around:

yellow psylosibin- reportedly real and pure- a good trip
strawberry fields acid- ok stuff, fairly strong
blue organic mescaline-no speed and a mellow trip-even if its not mesc. and its probably not.
orange wedge acid-real strong stuff, about two way and good
pink tab acid- pretty intense trip
green blotter- real good and heavy trip- reports up to 20 hours. people should watch out for grey thunder acid which may be cut with speed and isn't too good– and for some white mescaline which isn't and won't get you off.
prices for mescaline Good' are around 70$/oz. or 1.50$ a hit. the acid should go for 2 dollars or under.

WEED:
there are pounds of young Mexican or domestic weed for $90-135 per lb. all kinds of grass are comming in- mostly fair - –there is also some dynamite Guatamalan grass and its$15/oz
HASH
there is some blond lebanese coming around-$70-90/oz. and there is already good blond and red lebanese around- Some decent soft green Morracan too. HERE IT IS:
there is a small quantity of number one in town. No. 1 is supposedly real THC and its going for from 30-35$/gram on the streets. Even if its not THC its some powerful shit.

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES:
organic mesc, excellent, brownish-red powder, going for $70/oz, $1.50/hit
white lightning, unknown quality--$80/100, $1.25/hit

It is a trip much worth taking. Not since '2001' has a movie so cannily inverted consciousness and altered audience perception.
–Time Magazine



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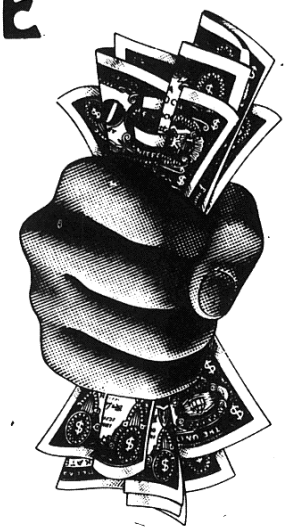


On Sunday August 14, President Nixon reversed his earlier opposition to wage-price controls and instituted a 90-day freeze on wages, prices, and rents. This step was taken in an effort to shore up an American economy in very bad shape. During the 1968 election campaign, when asked if he would advocate wage-price freezes, Nixon replied, "Only as a last resort. Only if nothing else would save the economy." Nixon's decision was also prompted by a desire to take the political steam out of the wage-price freeze issue, which the Democrats had planned to use as a campaign promise in '72.

The theory of wage and price controls is quite simple. They are usually used when an economy is trapped in a wage-price spiral that inflates the economy and causes the value of currency to fall. The United States is presently in exactly such a situation. Inflation is cutting the real buying power of the American people at the rate of about six percent a year. The U.S. dollar has been allowed to float on the European market, and its value in relation to other currencies has dropped substantially. Once the controls are instituted, so the theory goes, no person may legally receive a raise in pay and no company may legally raise its price on any item. Normally, some kind of governmental enforcement network is set up and, since the value of all goods and services is, theoretically, frozen, the inflation of the economy ends.

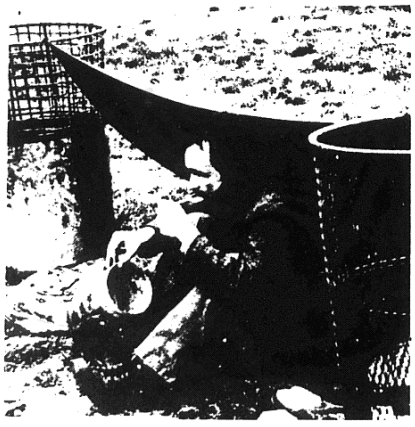
In practice, wage and price controls have always meant simply wage controls. It is easy, and quite effective, for a company to tell an employee or a union that makes a wage demand that it cannot be granted because the government has banned it. Workers, unless they are willing to risk a strike which would probably be vastly unpopular with the majority of people, must accept this statement and stick with the money they are getting.

Prices, however, are a different story. There are literally thousands of ways to raise prices without, officially, having done so and American companies have always taken advantage of these loopholes during periods of wage-price controls. For instance, let's say that this year a Ford Galaxie with standard equipment costs $3000. Because of price controls, Ford is not permitted to raise the price on a Ford Galaxie next year. But they can, if they wish, bring out a new model called the Galaxie 227 which costs $3300. The fact that the Galaxie 227 is the same car, with the same equipment, as the old Galaxie, is a mere detail. It is unclear at this point whether the automobile industry will be able to figure out ways to sell their 1972 models at new, higher prices (which have been announced). We can count on them to use all their imagination to find a loophole.

There are lots of other easy ways for companies to get around price controls. Historically, wage-price controls have kept wages down while affecting prices very little. They are directed against working people.

Nixon's wage-price controls are much worse, however, than what is outlined above. They are a more vicious attack on poor people than any administration proposal in recent American history. Below are the basics of the plan and, briefly, some of the reasons why it is so bad.

Nixon's wage-price freeze also contains some specific clauses which are discussed below:



HOW TO ELIMINATE POVERTY

The last census showed that poverty in the US is on the increase for the first time in 10 years. So a federal interagency committee that represents 40 agencies is now considering substitution of the term "low-level income", in official usage, for the word "poverty". The reasoning: it is "technically more precise."

Elsewhere on the recession front, gaming officials in Nevada report that gambling increased in that state last year by only 8%. This compares to annual increases on the order of 20% during the decade of the 60's. So it seems that things are a little tighter everywhere.

There is a 10% job development credit that would allow a 10% tax credit for new machinery and equipment for one year with a 5% credit after August 15.

The 10% job development credit means that the government will be financing 10% of the cost of new machinery for automation and new plant investment for the corporations. This will speed up the purchase of new equipment for automation and more efficient production machines which will allow corporations to produce more with lower labor costs which again raises the profit margin.

The wage-price freeze does not touch corporate or private profits. No matter how fast or high profits rise there is no control as there is on prices.

Rent will not be allowed to go up for at least ninety days. This is ok on the surface, but there is no provision in Nixon's new program to enforce it. Thus, your rent will go up at the whim of your land lord, just as it always has.

Your grocery bill will continue to go up. This is because the price control, such as it is, does not apply to agricultural products. Thus, farm workers' wages cannot go up, but the prices growers get for food, and the prices you pay, continue to go up.

"How I love those records, incense posters and gifts I get at

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There will be no pay raises for at least ninety days. This holds true even if you are supposed to get a raise that was previously agreed upon, or is part of a contract. Thus companies that raised prices to cover the projected costs of a new contract which calls for salary raises over a period of time get to keep the higher prices, but the workers don't get the promised raises. The result is a clear increase in profit. For example, St. Louis Blues tickets for this season's games have increased in price over last season. The people who clear or usher in the arena aren't getting any more in wages, however, because of the freeze.

All other prices are frozen at the level of last Sunday. For the reasons mentioned, this would normally make little difference in price raises. In this case, it will make no difference at all, since there is no enforcement procedure to use if someone does raise prices. It is true that there is also no enforcement procedure for wages, but companies are hardly likely to grant wage increases when they have the golden cop-out of wage-price controls to fall back on.

There will be no control whatever put on interest charges.

There will be a ten percent extra tax on all imported items. This is supposed to help even out America's negative balance of payments problems and build up the strength of the dollar. It will probably succeed in doing this. It will, however, also drive up prices by eliminating foreign competition on thousands of items. It may also result in retaliatory action being taken by other countries, in the form of taxes on US goods. This would, in the long run, eliminate any benefit to the American economy.

Nixon is asking congress to eliminate the seven per cent federal excise tax on American cars. This will probably keep the gross price of a new car at about what it was last year.

He is also asking Congress to move up by one year an extra fifty dollar tax deduction you were supposed to be able to start taking in 1973. If congress agrees, you will get this tiny amount next year.

Just what effects all of this is going to have on the country is hard to say. It probably won't make much difference to unemployed people or people on welfare because prices will continue to rise as they have been, not any more so. Working people are certainly going to get angry as soon as they realize that they can't get any more pay but that prices are going to continue to rise.

AFL-CIO President Meany, a long time supporter of wage-price controls has come out opposing the policy as a "blatant tax giveaway to big business." He has said that AFL-CIO members will not cooperate with the freeze and if wage increases or other benefits are denied to union workers that their contracts will be considered nullified and people should feel free to walk off their jobs.

Meany has called a conference of the top leadership of AFL-CIO Internationals and has included leadership from the non-AFL-CIO United Mine Workers and the United Auto Workers to discuss legal action that can be taken against the freeze.

Behind all the seemingly radical talk put out by the AFL-CIO brass, however, there are some real problems. Meany seems bent on poking legal loopholes in the policy, not in fightin for its total repeal. He has not called on unions whose contracts he considers nullified to get together in a political strike for the repeal of the freeze. He has given them a green light to walk out, but he has not offered the kind of coordination and active support needed for labor to end the freeze.

Only approximately 25% of the working people in this country are organized into unions at all. By Meany poking legal loopholes in the law instead of getting it repealed unionized and non-unionized workers are driven further and further apart, both in terms of economic conditions and in thinking of their interests as the same.

Certainly, Nixon's new policies will not solve anything that is wrong with the economy. If wages are frozen, so is buying power. If buying power is frozen, industry puts less money into expansion and unemployment goes up. This is so even though Nixon is also proposing an extra ten per cent write-off for any company which installs new equipment. Also, since prices and profits will continue to go up, inflation will not be affected.

In principal, however, Nixon's plan is clear. He intends to try to make ordinary people pay for saving the American economy. When his new plan doesn't work, he will come up with something else that only hurts poor people more. He is desperate because he knows he cannot be re-elected if he doesn't do something about the economy. But he must do something which does not hurt the upper-middle-class, business and industry – his constituency.

velvet underground

I went to see the Velvet Underground in St. Charles last Wednesday at a place called the Factory. There were people there from all around the area and it was a pretty nice scene.

The Factory is an agreeable enough place. There were no ushers in the place hassling everybody like at Kiel. The place itself is a converted, old-fashioned movie theatre, which means it's not not very big, which is really nice, and it has fairly good acoustics (although the PA wasn't very good). But it also has rows and rows of nice, orderly, cast iron seats. So the band is *up* on the stage and you're *down* in the pews. It's quite a barrier to get past, and the Underground never made it completely across.

Throughout the night there was the feeling that the band was just going through another night on the road, loaded again (as they made a point to mention several times.) Set-break-set-encore-see ya. I can dig it in a way. The Underground do go on the road and play for people. And they played for 50% of the gate in a small place, and tickets were only $1.50. You won't find Steve Stills doing that.

But the lid never really blew off. The songs were too glossed-over and modulated. It was too much a series of notes done from memory—done well, but from several miles away. "Heroin" was an instance of this (perhaps understandably—"Heroin" is mandatory at a VU concert and they must have done it—the song—5000 times by now.) But the whole beginning was completely messed up as nobody in the group really seemed to be listening. The singer went on to do a poor imitation of Lou Reed while the transitions that make the song were rounded off at the edges. But then again, just the spectre of that song is enough to be thankful for. "I wish that I was born on thousand years ago aboard a great big clipper ship in a sailor's suit and cap sailin' from this land into that."

The lack of involvement showed up in the lack of interplay among the group. Too often, instead of relating and building off each others sounds, it was just each musician playing his own part (well) and leaving it at that.

I don't mean that the Underground were a bummer. Their material is dyanamite and I dug listening to almost all of what went down. It just wasn't what it could have been.

There were high points. "Sweet Nothins" was really fine—especially the lead, who was a really fine guitarist and played really nice licks all night but truly got into only a few. "Sweet Jane" was a definite up. And there were others I don't quite remember (which is another nice thing about the place.)

Sister Ray summed it all up—"I'm searchin' for my mainline. You know I couldn't hit it sideways."

SATURDAY NIGHT LEFTOVERS

Somehow the word got out. SATURDAY NIGHT LEFTOVERS. 9:00 P.M. ROTC building Washingtin U. . . . We've done five consecutive Saturday Nights.... We had an audience of 25 the first night.... the next 75.... the next three over 100 people each time.... Maybe it's because we all enjoy each other.... maybe we all like a NOW theatre experience.... maybe it's because we understand one another....maybe its a little of each.... We want to continue these experiments happenings, improvisations, participations .... we think they are needed .... we think they bring us all together....

Richard Palmer of Wash. U. loaned us the lab. Theatre (ROTC build.) this Summer. But formal college classes and productions call for the use of the building.... We have put in a request to the Mayor's Council of University City, we have put in a request to Mrs. Esther Frick who is in charge of the use of the old U. City library building. So far we haven't heard a word.... the silence is deafening .... We have read, however, that the "youth" have no place to go .... nothing to do .... much talk, much committee work .... much paper work .... Meanwhile all of us have been getting a groovy thing .... not only on Saturday Nites, but the classes on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thurdsday evenings .... At the SATURDAY NIGHT LEFTOVERS we PASS the hat .... no admission .... classes are four bucks each .... you come twice a week .... altho some come four times .... We'd have cheaper classes, but that's how we get our bread .... We do have a system of scholarships, but they have to be limited .... and you really have to work to get one and then to keep it ....

Saturday, September 11th will probably be our last night at the ROTC bldg.... Between now and then maybe someone will have offered SPACE.... if not we hope you will keep looking along with US.

THE US - performing members of the Alan Nichols Workshop- For the past three years we were under contract to MECA to perform in over 196 local schools .... MECA- at least our part of it is DEAD- which is probably just as well .... as we never were able to really groove in school hours .... and for the most part the powers that be felt elementary performances were the thing. Maybe so .... but we feel more at home with you.
Alan and Joanna Nichols
Co-directors.

SATURDAY NIGHT LEFTOVERS is probably, to categorize them, into improvisational dance - theatre - mime (editors note)

CLASSLESSFIELDS

Chris—the ad you placed had the wrong no., we are opening a store in Sept. and have more land than we can handle. Need help in natural food store—organic homestead. Anyone interested call Dale, 731—1884.

Wanted: 1967 or '68 Camaro, 327, 3 or 4-speed. Call Greg, 843—1664.

For sale: Kustom electric guitar, fine sound, really gaudy and brand new. $200. 863—7106, Dave.

Trying to sell a lot of things—tape recorder, cassette recorder, records, crafts work, and many other things which we can't think of right now. We are selling at reasonable prices or will trade for something you may have. Call 863—3568.

Wanted: we need a desk withdrawers and a filing cabinet for the food co-op in U. City. Come to 554 Limit or call 862—2747 or 721—3170.

Got some clothes lying around that you're a little tired of? Someone else might dig on 'em. Call us at the Hidden Grok and we'll give you a little spare change for 'em. 432—6171

21 year old beatnik from New York. Money gone mucho pronto. Need immediate work in St. Louis area. Versatile, dynamic, stable. What have you got? WRITE (only) Fred Rosner, 25 N. Newstead Ave., St. Louis Mo. — now, man!

experienced singer, guitarist looking for good established group or good people. rm. 1203 Griesedieck, Box 389, St. Louis U.

Spider & Mr. Moke's is planning a chopper show. If you have a bike to show or sell call Moke at 423—5003.

Component system: Scott Stereomaster, Ampex 1150 tape deck, Miracord 40H with Shure M91E, all for $275. JBL D130F 15" speakers-2 with no cabinets-$75 apiece; pair in Lnsing C35 cabinets $275. call Steve at 721—3170.

Wanted: part time work. Can do artwork or will do yardwork, or painting. Prefer light manual labor. Dave, 863—7106.

Used, portable Philco stereo for sale. $30. three years old and in good condition. Recently cleaned and inspected. Call Dale at 863—3348.

We're interested in forming a hearse club. Limosines and hearses only. If you got your head together, could be a lot of fun. Call 1—724—9717 and ask for Weird Harold or Wild Bill.

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WEST
Spectrum 8153 Big Bend & Lockwood
Webster Groves Books 100 W Lockwood
Clothes Closet Big Bend & Lockwood
Lower Half 1057 S Brentwood
KADI Radio 2735 Bompart
Jimmy-Hill Music Center 8531 Olive St Rd
Poor Richards 9811 Manchester

EAST
American Eagle 117 S Church, Belleville
Apocalypse 6 N Church, Belleville
Pant Pit 106 East Vandalia, Edwardsville
Pant Pit 13 S Jackson, Belleville
Illumination Shoppe 1710 E Broadway, Alton

mixed drinks 776—8477
3160 S. Grand
Babes Downstream Lounge
Cocktail hour 4 to 6 p.m.
For ladies mixed drinks 2 for 1
Folk Music Nightly Heads Welcome
Entertainers: Dave Jacobs, Pat Turner, Paul Marchand
Anyone wanting to do a guest set may do so.
Bring your own instruments.
music 9 p.m. — 1:30 a.m.

here ya have yer richard p.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8
"Grapes of Wrath" & "Tobacco Road", benefit for Farm Workers; Magic Lantern Cinema; $2; 7 pm
"The Premature Burial", "The Triumph of the Will" & "Freaks"; Wohl Center, W.U.; FREE; 10 pm
War/Peace Spotlight; KDNA (102.5 FM); 8:45 pm

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9
2011. Earth abandoned
"The Bed-Sitting Room"; Wohl Center, W.U.; FREE; 11 pm
"Corcinoma Angles", reading of Spinrad's story; KDNA; 1 am
Transcendental Meditation lecture; Wilson Hall, W.U.; FREE; 8 pm

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10
"The War on Cairo" (film); First Unitarian Church, 5007 Waterman; FREE; 8 pm
"I Am Curious (Yellow)"; Graham Chapel, W.U.; $1; 7:30 & 10 pm
"Joe"; Wohl Center, W.U.; $.75; midnight
"Cartouche"; Brown Hall, W.U.; $.75; 8:15 pm
poetry reading for Bangla Desh Relief; McMillan Hall, W.U., donation; 8 pm

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11
1897. Irene Joliet-Curie born. Nobel Prize chemist and French communist.
Saturday Night Leftovers; old ROTC building (Big Bend), W.U., FREE; 9pm
"I Am Curious (Yellow)"; see 9/10
"Tommy"; Kiel Opera House; 6:30 & 9:30 pm
New York Rock & Roll Ensemble; W.U. quad; $3 ($4 at door); 8 pm
discussion of slum housing in St. Louis by all those involved; KDNA; 10am-10pm
United Front rally; Sheldon Memorial, 3648 Washington; 3 pm

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12
1932. Unemployed in Toledo, Ohio marched on grocery stores and seized food.
"Cartouche"; see 9/10; 2:30 pm
FREE rock concerts; Forest Park Pavillion; from 1 pm
"Tommy"; see 9/11; 2:30 & 6:30 pm
"Leland Shuffle"; Granary, Edwardsville
Harpsichord recital; Steinberg Hall, WU; FREE; 3 pm
discussion of slum housing in St. Louis; see 9/11

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13
1858. Oberlin College students & faculty rescue captured fugitive slave.
"Citizen Kane" (Welles); Wohl Center, WU; FREE(?); 8 pm
gay liberation meeting; 600 N. Euclid (Trinity Church); 8 pm
The Portable Folk Festival; KDNA; 7 pm
peotry reading for Bangla Desh Relief; UMSL; call 862-5735 for time & place

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14
1870. 1st Congress of Internationale
"The Burmese Harp" (anti-war film); Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; FREE; 8,10am,3,7,&9 pm
"Footlight Parade" (1930's); Wohl Center, WU; FREE; 8 pm
Griffith films; Administration Bldg., Webster College; $.50; 7 pm
"Some Thoughts on Sculpture", talk by Claes Oldenburg; City Art Museum; FREE; 8 pm

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15
1965. Birmingham Alabama church bombed. 4 black girls killed.
David Crosby & Graham Nash; Fox Theatre; 8 pm

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16
Vietnam Vets Against the War meeting; Peace Center; 6244 Delmar; 7:30 pm
"I Am Curious (Blue)"; Wohl Center, WU; $.75; 7:30 & 9:30 pm

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17
"Putney Swope"; Wohl Center, WU; $.75; 7:30 & 9:30 pm
"Wild Bunch"; Wohl Center, WU; $.75; midnight
Nina Simone at the Fillmore; KDNA; 8 pm
"Take Your Medals Back" (tape by Vietnam Vets); KDNA; 10 pm

PARIS FARCE

The farce of the Paris peace talks continues. But Nixon has made them an even bigger farce by having U.S. Ambassador David Bruce leave mysteriously, leaving a third-ranking representative, Philip Habib of the CIA, in charge. This was Amerika's arrogant response to the 7-point peace proposal of the Provisional Revolutionary Government, which could conclude the fighting in 24 hours and have GIs and prisoners home no later than Christmas.

'WINDING DOWN'

In case you haven't seen them for awhile, here are the latest U.S. government statistics on American casualties in the IndoChina war. Killed: 45,397. 'Noncombat' deaths: 9,710. Wounded: 301,040. Missing or captured: 1,605.

richard p.

WHY DOES THE UMBRELLA HOVER ABOVE THE MOTHER ARMADILLO?

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18
Long John Baldry & Jake Jones; Factory; 8 pm
"Putney Swope"; see 9/17
Live day at KDNA, 102.5 FM
Saturday Night Leftovers; see 9/11
United Front Rally; see 9/11

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19
1892. Alexander Berkman goes to jail for attempted assassination of capitalist swine Frick.
Women's Art Show; Heman Park, U.City; FREE; 4:30 pm
Organ Recital; Christ Church Cathedral, 1210 Locust; FREE; 4:30 pm
Joni Mitchell at Club 47 (1/68); KDNA; 2 pm
bicycle excursion; meet at Limit & Clemens at midnight with bike, food & drink

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20
1903. Troops moved in to break miner's strike in Cripple Creek, Colorado
"Magnificent Ambersons" (Welles); Wohl Center, WU; FREE(?); 8 pm
gay liberation meeting; see 9/13

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21
Mack Sennet films; Adminstration Bldg., Webster College; $.50; 7 pm
"You Only Live Once" (Lang); Wohl Center, WU; FREE; 8 pm
"Cartouche"; Library, Florrissant Valley Community College; FREE; 7:30 pm

CHECKIN' IT OUT...

[redacted] The show is FREE and the paintings are really [redacted]

KADI, 88.5 FM, plays any requests between 8 pm Friday and midnite Sunday every weekend — so call 'em up and say what you want.

The City Art Museum is still showing the Tishman collection of African Art. This is probably the best collection of its kind anywhere. Anyone interested in the roots of modern art, folk art or African culture should definitely not miss this show. Wed. through Sun. it costs $1 but on Tues. (from 2:30 – 9:30 pm) it is FREE.

Models of the inventions of Leonardo da Vinci are at the Museum of Science and Natural History, Sept. 1 – Oct. 3; price $.50.

KETC–TV, ch. 9, has some good shows coming up.

The first centennial Loop area bicycle excursion will begin, Sat., Sept. 19th at 12 pm. So round up your bicycle, tricycle or unicycle and meet at the corner of Limit and Clemens at the stroke of midnight. Bring food and drink. p.s. If you want to help figure out where we're going gather at the Outlaw office at 8 pm the night before.

A friend came to the Outlaw after going four days for lyrics to rip-off a record. This was at a Venture store and he was [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

"An African Experience". talk by Paul Tishman; City Art Museum; FREE; 8 pm
Kurt Vonnegut talks; KDNA; 3 pm
Eqbal Ahmad speaking; Busch Center, St. Louis U.; 2 pm; Grahan Chapel, WU; 8 pm

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22
1722. Samuel Adams born
1919. 365,000 workers strike U.S. Steel
"Marijuana Reconsidered" (book) will be discussed by its author (Dr. Grimpson) and Wm. Buckley on chan. 9

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23
1838. Victoria Woodhull born, socialist and women's rights activist.
"Potemkin" & "Strike" (Eisenstein); Wohl Center; WU; $.75; 7:30 pm
Congressman Bill Clay speaking; Busch Center, St. Louis U.; $1.50; 8 pm
music & poetry, memorial for George Jackson & John Coltrane; Black Artists Group; 2665 Washington; $2; 9 pm
Charles Silberman speaking; Webster College; $3; 9:30pm
Squatters (taped interviews) KDNA; 9 am

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24
1969. Conspiracy trial, Chicago
"Beginning" (a rock opera); Graham Chapel, WU; FREE; 7:30 pm
"Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"; Wohl Center, WU; $.75; 7:30 & 9:30 pm
"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"; Wohl Center, WU; $.75; midnight
"The Night of the Hunter"; Brown Hall, WU; $.75; 8:15 pm

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25
Saturday Night Leftovers; see 9/11
United Front Rally; see 9/11 'Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"; see 9/24

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26
1786. Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts
Steve Miller Band; Factory
"The Night of the Hunter"; see 9/24
FREE rock concerts; see 9/12

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 x"Journey Into Fear" "Journey Into Fear"(Welles); Wohl Center,WU; FREE; 8pm
gay liberation meeting; see 9/13

TUESDAY , SEPTEMBER 28
1789. David Walker, black leader, born
"Ballad of a Soldier" (anti-war film); Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; 8,10 am, 3,7,&9pm
"San Francisco (1930's); Wohl Center, WU; FREE; 8 pm
"King & Country"; Library, Florrissant Valley Community College; FREE; 7:30pm
"Return of Draw Egan"; Adminstration Bldg., Webster College; $.50; 7 pm

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29
"The Crucible"; Loretto-Hilton Theater; 8 pm

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30
Santana; St. Louis Arena; 7:30 pm
"October" (Eisenstein) & "Mother" (Pudorkin); Wohl Center, WU; $.75; 7:30pm
"The Crucible"; see 9/29

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1
1949. Victory of the Chinese Revolution
"Trash"; Wohl Center, WU; $.75; 7:30 & 9:30 pm
"Heart is a Lonely Hunter"; Wohl Center, WU; $.75; midnight

phone numbers to know & tell

Abortion Counseling	388-0310
Acid Rescue	645-2900
AFSC	862-8070
Angela Davis Defense Comm.	533-6803
Black Artists Group	535-3906
East St. Louis–St. Louis Community Center (Black Panther Party)	271-3254
Community Center (Delmar Loop)	
Day Care	725-5302, 862-8017
Health Clinic	726-5563
Food Co-op	862-2747
Environmental Response	863-0100,ext.4070
Farmworkers Boycott	535-2720
Gay Activism Information	843-7532
High School Liberation Front	832-5978
KADI	968-1900
KDNA	652-2260
KSHE	638-4444
Learning Resources Exchange	367-4458
Legal Aid	652-9581
Medical Comm. for Human Rights	863-6790
Military Counseling	862-8070
National Welfare Rights Org.	421-2879
OUTLAW	721-3170
Peace Center	862-5735, 725-3209
People's Info. Center	534-3446
Planned Parenthood	361-6360
Poison Control: Memorial Hosp.	865-4000
St. Louis Children's Hosp.	867-6880
Street Revival	726-2318
switchboard	652-2260
temperature & time	321-2522
United Front	361-2142
Vets for Peace	862-5735
Welfare Coalition	862-6637
Women's Center	231-2330 –
Women's Liberation rap groups	652-9993
Youth Emergency Service	727-6294

HERE WE HAVE 'YER CAPITALISM

For the past three or four years, marketing experts in major corporations have established a consistent pattern of taking quality, make-shift ideas out of "youth culture," dressing them up, mass producing them with low ideals and high prices. Bell-bottoms, leather clothes, head bands, long hair(wigs), can all be Master-Charged in suburban shopping centers.

The individuals who come up with these ideas are usually entitled "vice president in charge of youth marketing" but are better known as "house freaks". During the first week in July, there was a "house freaks" conference, of sorts, in Nogales, Sonora, a Mexican border town across from Arizona. After three days of getting ripped on tequila, frequenting the brothels on Canal Street and trying to buy $40 kilos on expense accounts, they set about their business.

Each of them admitted that their individual items were doing well, but the recessive economy demanded that they cooperate to some degree to re-inforce each other's products sales potential (or PSP as it is called in the trade). Their last effort to "keep up with the action", bandolier cross-chest belts--the guerilla look--was only mildly successful. They half-heartedly hoped the Justice Department would try to stop the bandolier production or advertising on the grounds that it materially aided revolutionaries, but no such luck. Even that gimmick didn't materialize.

A new cross-corporation idea will be tried--"concept look". They would find one well-known "youth idea", and build a whole line of products around it-- goods which exist in numerous forms already, but which need a new identity every so often. The whole deal will be displayed all at once as a "total concept package". The idea they chose will surprise and shock the whole trade and youth market: The Hare Krishna Look.

From head to toenail, the entire package will have something to offer. There will be a band, a dance, and all the rest of the schlock which goes with mass marketing a simple idea stolen by capitalists.

Starting with the shoes, the decision was made to imitate genuine Krishna freaks by using plain old sneakers. Red Ball, a major tennis-shoe manufacturer is handling this. The sneakers will look old and tattered with holes in the big toe position. They will be custom fitted for shuffling back and forth for hours on end. An old ad the company used a few years back will be resurected: *"Red Ball Jets make you run faster and jump your highest"*

Naturally, the most important part of the costume is the robe, or "Honest Man's Toga", as Levi-Strauss will call them when they hit the racks. The cotton robes will be made with Zafaran, a synthetic saffron being finalized now by Dupont. Zafaran, a trademark copyrighted by Dupont, is the Arabic word from which saffron is derived. A major advantage of the robe is that it can be marketed as both a men's and women's item with no change in production assembly.

The Hare Krishna Look for the head will be designed by Hare Tail,Inc., a corporate spinoff of Ford Enterprises, which in itself is a tax loss subsidiary of Ford Motor Company of Dearborn Michigan. Hare Tail will mass produce wigs with a cute 14 inch ponytail for people who aren't quite ready for a natural.

Straight Arrow Publishers, a West Coast outfit, is negotiating controlling interest in the Krishna Consciousness Magazine, Back to Godhead. The name and content will remain the same, but the format, style and distribution procedure will change considerably.

Facial design by Revlon, of course. This will include a plain pancake makeup with matching nail polish (two varieties:"humble clear" and "at one"). The company that manufactures the $2.98 Sears Peace Medalion is currently completing an earing mold for the Krishna nose and ear. It will be available through the mail or over the counter at Discount Records stores. Gillette is finishing a spray which will give the eyes that empty burned- out look of purity. It will come in regular and "New Morning". And for those who want the complete look, Zildjan has come up with finger cymbals to be marketed at $10 a set.

During the month of October, Dunkin Donuts will be test marketing a new cookie called "Krishna Krunchies," which resembles the food the street corner Krishna heads pass out. Baskin-Robbins will add a new flavor, "Hare Cherry."

No total concept package does well without its own self-generating publicity, and here's where Buddah Records is putting together some studio musicians to be known simply as "Hare." Their first album, "Back to Godhead," is set for release on October fifth. Buddah has already packaged the second record, although it has yet to be recorded. Tentative title – "Hare goes Electric." Liner notes for the first album will have dance instructions, like old Chubby Checkers LPs. They will teach the art of standing on the sidewalk doing the two-step hop made famous by Hare Krishna freaks around the country. Melanie, who is under contract to Buddah, has seen the advance layouts on the Hare Krishna Look and is toying with the idea of adopting it for her act.

Although it will probably be the most celebrated "new look" in the youthschlock market, the Hare Krishna Look has been virtually blotted out of print. Women's Wear Daily killed a story three weeks ago on it when they got too many conflicting reports on the subject and feared lawsuits.

The saturation campaign begins October 4. Buddah records has reserved a charter plane from American Airlines for 175 extras from the Los Angeles area central casting offices dressed as Hare Krishna freaks; it is tentatively scheduled to fly to Boston, where at noon, Oct. 4, the extras will join the regular half dozen Krishna heads at their usual downtown spot on the Boston Common at the exit to the Park Street MTA station. Here the taping for a 15 minute segment on American Bandstand will take place, and the full regalia for the Hare Krishna Look will be unveiled for the public and press.

By Tom Miller in Iconoclast. When LNS asked Miller if this story was true, he replied, "All of it is true; none of it is factual."